

THE FORTNIGHTLY

SEPTEMBER, 1941

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY

A Discussion on the P.E.P. Broadsheet

AT the beginning of July P.E.P. (Political and Economic Planning) published a broadsheet entitled *The Future of Germany*. Their enquiry was divided under three headings:

- I. Analysis of the situation
- II. The immediate post-war period
- III. The long run policy towards Germany.

The conclusions reached were as follows:

- I. (a) No violent revolutionary movement within Germany is to be looked for either before or even after a military defeat;
- (b) The chances are strongly against successful Nazification of the territories occupied by Germany during the last eighteen months;
- (c) The chances are strongly in favour of growing spontaneous resistance movements in neighbouring occupied or threatened territories, contributing to German defeats through sabotage, passive resistance and ideological means;
- (d) The development of these movements, rather than any development within Germany, is likely to shape the future social pattern of a defeated Germany, which must draw heavily from outside to replace more enduringly the shattered influences now temporarily superseded by Naziism.

Thus it appears that several of the main driving forces of the 19th and the early 20th centuries have been or are being shattered all over Europe and are having to be replaced:

- (a) in Britain in response to the effort of winning the war;
- (b) in occupied European territories in the course of the effort of throwing off German domination, and
- (c) in Germany itself, first by Naziism and later, when Naziism is overthrown, by ideas derived largely from (b) which themselves will no doubt owe much to (a).

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- II. (a) The disintegration of a defeated Germany is likely to be much more complete in the present war than in 1918, owing to the destruction of alternative nuclei and to other factors;
- (b) There is no reason why we should not let this disintegration run its course because we need no longer, as in 1919, fear that Germany will go Bolshevik, while the other possible dangers of an outbreak of civil war and renewed destruction in Central Europe will be sufficiently guarded against by the overwhelming forces on sea and land and, above all, in the air which the Allies will inevitably possess in the event of a victorious conclusion of the present hostilities;
- (c) In so far as a bulwark for the protection of Europe as a whole is needed, it should be formed largely—at first exclusively—of non-German forces; and
- (d) The military occupation of Germany is essential, but instead of being an instrument of revenge it should form the first stage in a carefully planned and directed recreation of German institutions as an essential part of European reconstruction. It should also be associated with the prompt revictualling of Germany, and it should be in principle the same process that must as a matter of necessity be applied to all devastated European countries, whether ex-Allied or ex-enemy in character, the only difference being that it will in Germany be a much larger and longer task to create vigorous representative institutions on which local, national, and functional responsibilities can be developed as peace-time activities are resumed.

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- III. (a) Europe must be so organized as to divorce national structures from military and industrial power.
- (b) This organization must be backed by world control of raw materials and communications, with the object not only of facilitating economic expansion but of thwarting policies of autarky and militarism by automatic sanctions.
- (c) The post-war settlement of Europe should be along the lines of the British Commonwealth rather than a written constitution.
- (d) Within this framework the extent of a future German State should be decided by the unfettered choice of the peoples proposed to be included in it, but if not unitary it should be safeguarded against domination by one or two of its constituent territories.
- (e) Establishment of social and economic opportunity and security is the only practical basis of enduring peace.
- (f) The winning of the peace, like the winning of the war, depends on Britain holding the initiative, with all that this implies in terms of concerted national effort, and in recognition that there can be no security in sitting still while things happen.
- (g) This initiative must be evidently used in the long-term interests of the European majority and in the convergent

interests of the U.S.A. and the Dominions, whose co-operation would be needed at every point.

- (h) Behind this policy there must be visible British sea and air power, backed by war industries maintaining stores instantly available to threatened countries on lease-lend principles, and by availability of strategic bases through leasing or otherwise.

During the next three months, September, October and November, THE FORTNIGHTLY will publish critical comments, covering a wide range of opinions, on the P.E.P. proposals. Some of these comments will be concerned with the whole broadsheet; others, according to experience, with certain sections only. The whole feature, THE FORTNIGHTLY hopes, will help to focus attention and encourage serious thought on the most critical problem of our time. The future of Germany cannot be left to take care of itself. The first comments are printed below.

From LORD SANKEY

This broadsheet of *Planning* is an interesting and valuable contribution towards the solution of many difficulties which Great Britain has to face now, and during the next few years. It states clearly the causes of the war, its present position, and the problems which will arise when peace is declared.

With many of its suggestions there will be substantial agreement; many of its arguments carry conviction. The subject however is of such a vast and complicated character that no one man can be expected to know the pros and cons of all the various issues or to express a confident opinion about them. There are political questions both internal and external, there are military questions, financial questions, economic questions, questions of what it is just and right to do.

As our democratic system is to reach conclusions and agreement, by discussion and interchange of opinion, it is not only useful but a duty of an individual to express his general view on the matter, and to give his judgment on any particular point, upon which his knowledge and experience may be of assistance.

The broadsheet begins by discussing I. "Germany and Europe." It states that to modern Europe, Germany is the great trouble maker and that to modern Germany, Europe is a collection of sham states with discredited economic theories and corrupt ruling groups. This may be the view of many private individuals, but it is suggested that the present international position is better understood by a brief consideration of the words and deeds of the last few generations in Germany.

Hitler is not a cause of the present, he is a result of the past.

But whatever may have been the influence of words and deeds, the present war is mainly due to an instinct, or rather a passion, deeply implanted in the human breast. It is not exactly jealousy but something akin to it. It affects nations just as it does parties and individuals. When a man has held office for a long time, or has had a long run of success his fellows begin to murmur and say 'Let some one else have a chance now.' This feeling is often seen in politics. So too the Nazis, especially the younger ones, say 'England has been on top for over a century. It is our turn now.'

Bismarck (1815-1898) was a leading exponent of this doctrine. As far back as 1849 he said,

In the course of this debate we have been told that Europe regards us as a nation of thinkers. That, gentlemen, was in the past.

But even that ruthless pilot was dropped. From these facts it may be deduced that as the ambitions of Germany have increased the education of Germans has taken a wrong turning, and that their code of conduct has departed from that which has hitherto prevailed amongst civilized nations. They have chosen and deified a leader, whom no signature can bind, and against whom the faith which has hitherto held the moral elements of the world together is no protection. What then is to be done?

It is recorded of the old Roman Statesman Cato (234-149 B.C.) that he finished every one of his speeches by saying that Carthage must be destroyed. *Germania delenda est* is not practical politics. Is it not wiser to think, that just as one individual may suffer from a disease, so Germany is suffering from a disease to-day. A cure may be a surgical one or a medical one. Speaking generally surgical treatment is shorter. Medical treatment may be a long process. It would certainly take a long time to re-educate young Nazis. They are not likely easily to be persuaded out of their own opinions. "Suffering is learning" says an old Greek proverb. A military defeat would be a quicker remedy.

The advice given on page 7 of the broadsheet is sound:

During the war our course is clear. We should hit the Germans as hard and as often as we can, not only because that is the one way to overthrow Naziism, but also in order that the German people should learn once and for all the futility of German militarism, through widespread and destructive attacks on their own soil, their industries, transport and their whole capacity for waging war. Europe can only cease to be Germany's battlefield after Germany herself has been made Europe's battlefield.

The fight may be fierce and long, but we have good reasons for being sure that ultimate success will be ours. Even if there is no revolution in Germany quarrels are already beginning to break out among the men at the top, between the politicians and the generals. Jealousy of personal success, blame for public failure, will bear their inevitable fruit. The tale of wounded friends returning from the front, the growing privations at home, will breed discontent among the masses. The long line of communications and the guarding against passive resistance and sabotage in conquered countries will strain the Governmental machine to the breaking point. Add to this the growing assistance we are receiving from the United States and the entry of Russia into the war will give us increasing confidence and assistance. But in the long run it is our own courage, our own work, and our own determination which will carry us to victory. Even if the score is already in our favour there must be no slackening of effort until the whistle blows for peace. And what then?

The broadsheet deals with this topic under II. "The Immediate Post War Period," and makes many important suggestions. First, however, it may be desirable to offer some general observations.

- (1) You cannot make any peace or any agreement with the present rulers of Germany. They do not keep their word or honour their signatures.
- (2) It would not be advisable to decide all the terms of peace at once. Some time must elapse before the final settlement. The fault of Versailles was that it was too hurried.
- (3) Above all it must be remembered that the most unfit persons to conclude a treaty are those who have been recently engaged in hostilities. Hatreds have not yet died down; acts of cruelty and wanton destruction are still vividly remembered.

In the meantime what is to happen? The broadsheet advocates a Reconstruction Commission working alongside a Security Force. It is an idea worthy of careful consideration. The construction of such a Commission, its duties and powers are naturally of vital importance and are discussed at some length by the broadsheet. They deserve to be read and weighed but the space at the disposal of the writer forbids a detailed criticism. Some such step will probably be found an acceptable solution.

Finally the broadsheet discusses III. "The Long Run Policy Towards Germany" and begins by posing a dilemma.

- (a) Can Germany never again be trusted?

- (b) A settlement which refuses to trust the German people contains the seeds of another German war.

Well, "never" is a long time, but prudence and past experience demand a period for prevention and a period for testing. It is too early to lay down principles and the broadsheet wisely says, to think of a start being made in terms of drafting constitutions, federal or otherwise, is unnecessary and unreal;

the recommendation is a European levy for common purposes and the creation of a European Reconstruction Commission using and operating under the world controls of raw materials, shipping, etc. (*sic*) which were already developing before 1939. After many suggestions the authors set out eight conclusions, the second of which says that the future organization of Europe must be backed by world control of raw materials and communications. It is to be hoped that in any future broadsheet they will be more specific on this point. The reconstruction of Europe is not a matter for Europe only. The authors will probably find that the last part of their pamphlet is the most debatable and even their friends may say that they have failed to distinguish between the ideally perfect and the practicably possible. Some of their ideals are for pursuit, but hardly for capture by the present generation.

The millennium is not yet. If we can obtain and maintain a reduction of armaments, if we can break down trade barriers between nations and prevent their re-erection, if we can find some means of stabilizing an international currency and prevent juggling with national currencies, if we can find some organization by means of which nations can take counsel together and by which they can gradually learn to settle their disputes without recourse to war, we shall have made a beginning.

Reference is made to removing the sense of group oppression. This was one of the complaints against the League of Nations in early days. But some grouping there must be if small nations are to survive. Small nations and small men should have their place under the sun and an opportunity of freedom to make their own contribution to the general welfare. If the British Commonwealth of Nations and the U.S.A. embarked upon a federal venture they would not long find themselves alone.

But to conclude: A good deal of what happens outside Great Britain after the war will depend upon what happens inside Great Britain. We must remain a contented and united nation.

The broadsheet wisely says:

We must make it clear that the future public safety and well being of Europe are the first consideration in the peace, dictating a number of sweeping changes, which we are prepared to accept at the cost of many cherished beliefs and which the German people must accept without question or delay.

"A number of sweeping changes!" It may be asked, are we prepared for the sake of peace abroad to give up any part of our national sovereignty or our rights of possession? Are we prepared for the sake of peace at home to give up any of our individual liberties or rights of possession? To examine our social services, our educational services, our business activities, and endeavour to put right any thing which we discover to be wrong? Such questions await discussion and it is much to be hoped that the authors will consider them in a further broadsheet.

From Dr. ERNEST BARKER

For the general argument of this packed and profound pamphlet I feel a sincere admiration. The authors have done a courageous and difficult thing. They have looked steadily into the future, so far as it can be calculated (most of us stop at the things which are tumbling about our feet): they have tried to foresee the end of the war and the nature of the forces which will bring about its end: they have tried, beyond that, to foresee the post-war situation which will ensue. On the basis of this foresight, and with the fore-warning which it provides, they have sought to fore-arm Great Britain, and the Allies and friends of Great Britain, with a definite policy for meeting the probable contingencies of the future. This takes hard thinking. The pamphlet is a model of such thinking.

I accept, in its general lines, the forecast of the future which it contains. I accept, as a working hypothesis for the purpose of planning policy, the assumptions

(1) that the war can and will be pressed to a conclusion in which Germany becomes the battlefield ("Europe can only cease to be Germany's battlefield after Germany herself has been made Europe's battlefield"); (2) that at the end of the war Germany will have no government—neither a Nazi government nor an alternative government—and will thus cease, for a time, to be an organized State; (3) that consequently there will not be any armistice or peace conference with Germany as an organized State, but "insistence on a negotiated surrender," followed by "handing over . . . to an Allied administration, which in due course would hand over . . . to a German administration starting with a clean slate," or, in other words, would be succeeded by a new German organized State which had been gradually brought into existence by the Allied administration with German help and

co-operation; and finally (4) that a Reconstruction Commission will therefore be necessary, operating not only in Germany but also in the areas now occupied by Germany, and "including, if possible, American and other members of independent attitude."

Accepting this forecast, which already, in the last of its four assumptions, involves considerations of policy, I turn to examine the general policy advocated in the pamphlet for meeting the contingencies of the future. The initial act of general policy will be the setting up of the Reconstruction Commission, whose composition and functions will be of cardinal importance. With this Commission as a nucleus, there will also be, around it or above it (if I follow the argument correctly), "a series of general conferences and direct negotiations between two or more Governments, not at a single time and place, but continuously as new stages are reached." This general scheme of tentative and experimental creation of a new European order commands my complete adhesion. I have always felt that two good keynotes of policy were to be found in the words *interim* and *pedetentim*, which indicate the wisdom both of *interim* solutions and of the general gradual method of feeling one's way ahead—*pedetentim*, or foot by foot—as the going best allows. Accepting, therefore, the general method of policy here suggested, I will confine myself to four points or heads of policy which I desire to emphasize, or on which I crave further light.

The first relates to frontiers, and especially the frontiers of the new Germany. The pamphlet deals with this point in two sentences, which suggest, first, that the restitution of occupied territories, "with the possible exception of some, containing large German populations," would automatically follow on a German collapse, and, secondly, that in border-line cases transfer of populations would be necessary. But does the matter end there? What, for example, is to be the future Poland? That is not merely a matter of restoration of a *status quo*: it is a larger question. That larger question has to be faced, and settled. What, then, is the organ or method by which it is to be settled? The question is one which will demand immediate solution; and there must be some organ or method ready to provide such a solution. Here I find myself in the dark as I read the pamphlet, and I ask for light. I am not concerned with Poland only. The same issue is also raised in regard to Czechoslovakia.

The second point or head of policy concerns the internal constitution of Germany. Here the argument of the pamphlet is

directed in favour of a policy of recognition, and even encouragement, of German unity. I should agree entirely with the argument. I should doubt whether federation—even the limited federalism of the Weimar Republic—is likely to be desired again by German sentiment: I should doubt even more whether German sentiment could ever tolerate for a moment any system of two Germanies. But the recognition, and even encouragement, of German unity, just and necessary as it will be, must depend, as is suggested in the pamphlet, on two conditions. One is the resolution of Prussia—an artificially swollen mass—into a number of divisions or *Länder*, so that it should no longer dominate the other German territories. Another is that a united Germany “should not be, or appear to be, a type of State able to terrorize smaller neighbours.” On these matters I should follow unreservedly the argument of the pamphlet. I should also follow, and follow unreservedly, the further argument that in economic matters, and in the distribution of economic opportunities, each individual German must be placed in a position as good as, but no better than, each individual member of other nations. “We must concern ourselves less with the claims of Germany and more with the claims of the individual German.” That is a pithy saying, which goes to the root of the matter.

A third head or point of policy brings us to delicate ground. What is likely to be, and what should properly be, the weight and the influence of Soviet Russia in the new scheme of European order? This is a question frankly faced in the argument of the pamphlet. The general conclusion suggested is that

Russian diplomatic strength over Central and South Eastern Europe, and over a defeated Germany, might be considerably increased, but Russian interests would lie in avoiding an open breach with the Allies, just as Allied interests would lie in a peace which would enlist the utmost Russian support without infringing the rights, or threatening the institutions and way of life, of other peoples.

I should agree with that balanced statement. I am not sure that I should also agree with the line taken in the leading article of *The Times* of August 1, in which (along with a definite reference to the pamphlet) the contention is advanced that leadership in Eastern Europe is essential, that “this leadership can fall only to Germany or to Russia,” and that “neither Great Britain nor the United States can exercise, or will aspire to exercise, any predominant rôle in these regions.” I feel that this contention suggests an unhappy demarcation of ‘spheres’; and without claiming a ‘predominant rôle’ for Great Britain

or the United States, I feel sure, first, that Great Britain has a duty (as I hope that the United States will also acknowledge a duty) to the peoples of Eastern Europe, and secondly that these peoples will desire and ask us to fulfil the duty. That is a matter which must be faced. We have a rôle which is a rôle of duty; and we must be prepared to exercise that rôle, in co-operation with Russia, as a part—and a very large part—of our general duty towards a new European order. If we withdraw into any sort of isolation from Eastern Europe, we shall ruin everything, and we shall be guilty of dereliction of duty to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and the other States of Eastern Europe. This war began in Eastern Europe. It is in Eastern Europe that the peace which succeeds it has mainly to be secured.

The fourth and last head or point of policy on which I desire to comment concerns the general scheme of the new European order. Is it to be a federal scheme, or what is to be its nature? Here I find myself in profound agreement with the argument advanced at the end of the pamphlet—that to draft new constitutions, federal or other, is “unnecessary and unreal” (I should use stronger adjectives), and that “the post-war settlement of Europe should be along the lines of the British Commonwealth rather than of a written constitution.” If we work along the lines of the British Commonwealth, we shall do two things: we shall move gradually and tentatively, as the British Commonwealth has moved; and we shall move by the process of depositing conventions and understandings (but not of framing federal constitutions), as the British Commonwealth has moved in its successive Imperial Conferences. I am stirred by finding my inmost conviction expounded, and authoritatively expounded, in this pamphlet. There are only two things which I should desire to add to the argument of the pamphlet in these matters. One of them is a modification. The other is an extension.

The modification is this. While the pamphlet speaks of a post-war settlement along the lines of the British Commonwealth, it also lays it down that “in a new European order full national sovereignty should never be re-established in such vital matters as defence and economic controls.” I cannot but feel that here there is an implicit self-contradiction. The system of the British Commonwealth does not involve any diminution of Dominion sovereignty, at any rate in the ‘economic controls’ of tariffs and immigration laws. I do not see how a new European order, if it is to be along the lines of the

British Commonwealth, can involve so much diminution of sovereignty as is suggested. I am not arguing against *some* freely accepted diminution of sovereignty. That there must be. But if we follow the lines of the British Commonwealth, we shall only have a voluntary working habit of limitation. This is a matter which needs clarification. If my own position, for reasons of space, is left obscure, I would plead that the pamphlet also leaves me a little in the dark.

The extension of the argument of the pamphlet which I would tentatively and hesitatingly suggest is this. I feel that the British Commonwealth may not only serve as a model: it may also serve as a nucleus. In other words, it is conceivable to me that some of the European States may wish to be associated with the British Commonwealth; and I dream of some new form of 'associate membership' of the Commonwealth which might make this possible. I think the Commonwealth is elastic enough to expand in this way—if any European State desires its expansion. I also feel that we ought to be willing to face the effort of expansion. I have, of course, no idea—not for a moment—of the Commonwealth seeking to engulf any State. My idea, on the contrary, is that of the Commonwealth nerving itself—reluctantly perhaps, because it would mean new duties and not new rights—to face a new call on its powers and its help. If no call comes, *cadit quaestio*. If a call comes, I hope we shall listen. For myself, I am ready not only to think of a new 'associate membership' of the Commonwealth. I am even ready to think of the introduction of some sort of federal constitution into the Commonwealth, in days to come, in connection with that associate membership and the developments which it may bring. It may be (and that is the reason why I make this last confession) that some sort of federal constitution, forming a sort of 'grammar of consent' which the new associate members could understand more readily than they would understand our impalpable system of conventions and understandings, may be a sacrifice which we have one day to make in the interests of international order. If the Dominions, on their side, are willing to make the sacrifice, we too may well be willing, 'for the sake of the brethren.' At any rate that is the direction in which my thoughts run ahead.

Here I end my thoughts—but not without one final word of fresh gratitude to the strenuous thinking of the pamphlet, which is enough to inspire even the indolent to face the pain of thinking for themselves.

From Miss STORM JAMESON

Pamphlets are one of the major horrors of war. Every man with a bee, spider, or death-watch-beetle in his bonnet conceives himself his fellow-countrymen's guide, and gives his passions and prejudices a run at the public's expense. To such the problem of Germany's future is especially attractive, and every solution from extirpation of the enemy to taking him to our bosom is offered with naïveté only equalled by the author's vanity. No. 173 of P.E.P.'s *Planning* is a relief. Its anonymous authors have combined to a remarkable degree imagination and common-sense. All three parts of *The Future of Germany*, the analysis of the present, the forecast of the immediate post-war period, and the long-term policy towards this termagant people are equally worthy of study. It is good that while the dilution of the Nazi war effort by the occupation of so much hostile territory, and territory not easily organized or assimilated, is presented, the authors should warn us against counting on any revolutionary movement within the *Reich*. If one occurred, we should probably find it headed by the Nazis themselves or at least their nominees: but it is unlikely to occur. It is better to depend on our own strength and the resistance which can be put up by the occupied but undigested countries.

The section which I find most stimulating is that dealing with the immediate post-war period. Since this is practical politics, there is no talk of punishment, nor, on the other hand, is there any inclination to sentimental idealism. The authors argue that since the end will almost certainly come with internal disintegration, there will be no group in Germany which can be trusted to hold and organize the country, nor is any group to be found outside the frontiers with either the reputation or capacity to pull the country through. Therefore the Allies must assume governmental powers for the period between the cessation of hostilities and the appearance of a properly constituted and authoritative German administration. They suggest a Reconstruction Commission supported by a Security Force. The Commission will maintain all war-time controls "to bring in relief stores to the German and all surrounding peoples at the same time and on the same footing." The insistence on equality of treatment will not please the extirpators, but we cannot afford to invite another Revenger's Tragedy. If we are not to bring about the creation of a new *Fichte Bund* and the rise of another nationalist party proclaiming imagined

injustices, we must treat ourselves as sternly as we treat our enemy.

A more original proposal is the postponing of a Peace Conference until reconstruction has definitely begun. Under British guidance, and for Western Europe at least, the leadership must be British; the Continent is to be reformed before its reformation is legalized. Our new policy is to be experimental, and only receive its final shape when it is successful.

Two questions, however, remain. The entry of the U.S.S.R. into the war since this pamphlet was written adds a complication of an entirely new order. Until June, Russian leadership had shown itself solely concerned with Russia's own security. That pre-occupation will not necessarily be exorcised by the defeat of Germany. That Russia shall co-operate with ourselves in the reconstruction of Europe is as necessary as our co-operation with Russia in the war. At the cessation of hostilities, we no doubt can reassure Russia as to her safety in the immediate future from a reconstituted and prosperous Europe. How far can we guarantee it in the more remote period? The problem may be less thorny than is at once apparent: for the real danger to Russia is, as it has always been since the ninth century, from the eastward colonizing Germans. If Russia can be persuaded that the rest of Europe can damp down the colonial ambitions of Germany, can make that restless country pacific and unafraid (it is fear which has always been the background of German militarism and aggressiveness), then Russia may associate itself in the reconstruction of the Continent. But if we fail to satisfy Russia as to the genuineness of our motives, then its leaders may prefer to maintain Eastern Europe in dissolution and ferment, in order to form a very Pripet Marsh of factious states. The solution lies with ourselves. After all, we have nothing to fear from Russia.

The second and more urgent question. Can men sufficiently imaginative and sufficiently disinterested be found in England to work honestly and purposefully for the reconstruction of Europe, men who will teach the English that for peace and security greater sacrifices may be required of them than for war, men who will guide them to dissipate the legend of *perfidie Albion* and to be an example to Europe? The Conservative Party has just decided to put its house in order that the Conservative Party may be perpetuated. The organizers of the Labour Party are no less ambitious. And the Rump, both Rumps, sit complacent, and, since Hansard is to be believed,

largely incompetent. Will such oratorical, romantic, uninspired and half-educated representatives of the people make the peace the editors of *Planning* recommend?

From LORD PONSONBY

The future of Germany discussed in this broadsheet of *Planning* deserves careful examination. It very properly contains a warning against a repetition of the slipshod methods in 1919 which produced the vindictive Peace Treaties and it emphatically

resists the temptation to think of the Germans as an incurably savage people perpetually lusting for power.

It is inevitably based on speculations as to the possible course of events in the war. In this connection we must remember that during the last two years not one of the stages in the Nazi domination of Europe was foreseen months or even weeks beforehand. Although a Russo-British-American victory can be taken as a basis, even so the nature of the victory cannot now be defined with any precision. But while necessarily based on speculations nevertheless the discussion is well worth while.

In venturing to make specific criticisms on certain suggestions in the broadsheet, for reasons of space, I will set them out in short paragraphs.

There is an assumption that this war and its origins are an unprecedented phenomenon in international relations. Whereas the only new part is the extraordinary advance in mechanized armaments and the bewildering speeding up of locomotion and transport. The machine having got the upperhand war can be extended far more rapidly. The dispute itself differs little *mutatis mutandis* from those in previous centuries going back into the remote past, whether they were revolutionary, religious or dynastic, expansionist or defensive.

Our building up a vast Empire, almost casually, during the nineteenth century was bound, as some foresaw, to engender a jealousy and suspicion which would lead eventually to conflict.

The League of Nations based on force and dominated by the victorious powers was, as the controversy about sanctions showed, certain to lead to armed conflict in the long run, and therefore to its own destruction.

The assumption always declared in every war that the enemy is jet black and we pure white leads to the future assumption that we can best arrange how matters must be settled although America and Soviet Russia may have their say this time.

In a fluid and ever changing world the word "solution" should not be used. No final solution of any vexed problem can be expected.

I do not believe that Might is Right. Even Hitler's well organized might is doomed eventually to failure and had we not declared war on Germany his fall would have come before now. I do not believe that our might will be right if we beat him. That is to say right in the sense that through dominant might lasting peace and contentment can be established in Europe.

The proposition therefore that the enforcement of our plans for Europe after victory must be backed by "British Sea and Air power" is merely an invitation to renewed competition in armaments and the continuation of wars as the outcome of every international dispute.

Disputes must arise between nations as long as humanity lasts. The one, the basic, the essential, the indispensable and the preliminary great advance which might emerge from this war with the enthusiastic backing of the common people in all nations and the sincere lead of enlightened governments would be the absolute refusal again to attempt to solve international disputes by warfare. The courage to take such a step however is I fear wanting.

The danger we may have to face is that after the spirit of revenge and punishment has been still further stimulated, a division of the spoils may be the only policy adopted. Against this I feel sure *Planning* will wisely protest.

YOUTH AND RECONSTRUCTION

BY VISCOUNT ESHER

THERE is no doubt that in time of war the old are a menace. It is not that they eat so much; it is not even their inability to fight that makes them such a danger. It is the sinister fact that they are not wanted and cannot properly fill their time that gives Satan his chance of finding things for them to do that had better be left undone. Being one of them myself, I know the urge that prompts them to uneasy action, and there is no more fertile field in which to grow a little flower of self-esteem and self-justification than that of reconstruction. There are of course exceptions, and I have no desire to make too inclusive the umbrella of this generalization. The lithe and active figure of Professor Abercrombie, drawing in ideas from all sides for the re-building of London, and the patient and persistent vigour of Mr. Wells, drafting his guide to the new world, would reproach me if I did. But moving about from Committee to Committee it is obvious, and indeed inevitable that the grey heads are in control of the future.

The young are away fighting, and their case goes by default. They are not consulted, not only because they are not there, but because they are not trusted, and secretly the old are pleased at their absence. For there is a strong suspicion among the old that the young do not want to replace the regretted and delectable past, but rather to create something new, strange and uncomfortable out of the tortured debris of the war. And they are right; that is exactly what the young do want to do. And, although they are not likely to be allowed to express it, they have a case. It is they who have fought to preserve this civilization, and it is they who will have to live in the brave new world after the war. We have, in their view, no right to interfere, no right to impose on their future our obsolete ideas, or to assume that we know the way. They are convinced that we are ignorant and prejudiced, so complacently in love with our accustomed habits that all we desire to do before we die is to restore the muddle from which we have just emerged.

YOUTH AND RECONSTRUCTION

Hotly and arrogantly they reverse the epigram and say, *si vieillesse savait, si jeunesse pouvait*.

Well, what is it they want, these silent fighters who will inherit the earth? No doubt their dreams cover the world. The vast problems of politics and economics, security at home and abroad, are in their long, long thoughts. But it is only in the limited field of Town and Country Planning that I propose to be their spokesman. It is clear that the opportunity is great, and indeed a special Minister has been appointed to take advantage of it. Before the war the relics of feudalism in the country and the dividends of property in the towns had become either precarious or unpopular. Free Trade had ruined the farmer, taxation had ruined the landlord, and it is not surprising that the old pleasant relationship between them had deteriorated. In the towns, the spectacle of the slums, either unnoticed or considered inevitable through many generations, had suddenly caught the conscience of the rich. Opinion was moving towards two conclusions, that agriculture must be saved and that housing must be planned. War added the feeling of urgency to these resolutions, when it became clear that the enemy intended to deprive us, if he could, of both our houses and our food; while the slum-dwellers, scattered all over the country, produced a wide sense of shame for the clamant deficiencies of our civilization. It is true that the *Luftwaffe's* haphazard attempts to emulate the Great Fire of 1666 were scientifically incomplete, and, although the long-awaited widening of Piccadilly was accomplished, it cannot be said that we have at our disposal the *tabula rasa* that inspired Sir Christopher Wren. Nevertheless a sufficient amount of bad housing has been destroyed to give us the excuse to remove the rest, and, stimulated by all these influences, the wind of reconstruction began to stir the sluggish air of bureaucratic life.

Rightly the first effort is to erect the necessary machinery, and it must not be supposed that this is going to be an easy thing to do. About this all the experts, young and old alike, are agreed as to what ought to be done. The creation of a central authority which shall assume powers over planning now scattered in the Ministries of Works, Health and Transport; the creation of regional authorities which shall assume powers now scattered among dilatory and impecunious local bodies; the creation of a central fund which will make planning independent of the tyrannous caprice of the Treasury and solve the problems of betterment and compensation;—surely a basic ground-plan so obviously desirable that it should arouse

little opposition. Nevertheless, since it entails a surrender and transfer of power, it is certain that a silent but ferocious battle will be fought behind the scenes by the entrenched forces of bureaucracy. Of this battle the public will hear nothing, although, if it is not won, their comfort and happiness in the new world will be fatally compromised. Surely there is ground here for radical and constitutional change. Modern political thought, affected subconsciously by socialist ideas and catching from the spirit of the age a vague belief in the state, inclines to increase the power of bureaucrat and to decrease the power of the politician. This may be inevitable; it may even be desirable. But if the process is to continue, we cannot also retain the ancient constitutional precept, invented in days when the bureaucrat existed only to carry out the orders of the politician, by which no revelation or discussion of the opinions and actions of the civil service was allowed. The essence of democracy is that the holder of power cannot act in secret or be exempt from criticism. If therefore it is decided to so reconstruct the national polity that the real power lies with the civil service, that now forbidden subject must also be thrown open to the full glare of public opinion.

Meanwhile we must assume that Lord Reith succeeds in his strong endeavour to lay the triple foundation of reconstruction, and obtains the essential powers to plan the town and country of the future. It would be very surprising if he knew what to do next. Vast and complex is our civilized life, and voices of advice and exhortation will reach him from all directions. Experts on transport, experts on industrial development, experts on amenities, experts on architecture, all confident that they know the way and all in conflict with each other will beset him on every side, and he will look in vain for some general principle to emerge from the multitude of his counsellors. The only voice that he will not hear is the voice of those silent fighters, who will inherit the earth. Yet they know what they want. They look back on the past with natural disgust, the past that made the war, and they do not want to return to it. The poor do not want to return to their slums, and there will be no rich to re-establish the elegant and expensive life of the past. All that has gone with the wind, and only the unadaptable old left here much cause for regret. As often before in our history, after the Wars of the Roses, after the execution of Charles I, after the death of Queen Anne, a new way of life is surging up through the dead wood of the past, eager, hopeful, and not to be denied. I do not believe it will require or receive any violent

or revolutionary assistance, for the change takes place before our eyes, and there is no one to resist it. The old who plan for the dead world will merely find their plan discarded and still-born, since it cannot be fitted into the way of life that the young desire. Nor do I believe that there will be any abrupt or unexpected cleavage with tradition, since, however much the superficial habits of a nation may vary down the ages, its essential character remains. "A house for every family," for instance, appears in a proclamation of 1580, and still to-day the man who proves how desirable it is to put our population into flats has not the remotest chance of having his scheme accepted. We knew what we wanted in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and we know what we want now, and we are not going to have ideas, whether artistic, political or philosophical, foisted upon us by the merely clever. No doubt we have often borrowed architectural ideas from abroad, but we have always subtly adapted them to the English way of life. The style of architecture in this country has changed throughout the centuries, and the taste of one generation is abominable to the next, but the observant eye can see beneath such superficial difference the characteristic elements of a long tradition. "Gentleness, homeliness, respect for nature, careful craftsmanship, unsensational decency,"—so it has been well described. The open fire in winter, the flower garden in summer, the family home all the year round. This has always been the minimum demand of the poor, enlarged by the rich into "formal building set off by informal and imaginative planting." The country houses, which are the pride of England's artistic inheritance, the residential square and terrace in their sedate and functional simplicity, the clustered village with its cottage gardens, remain as evidence of our spacious and commodious past. The industrial revolution brought confusion and disaster to this design for living. The political supremacy of the middle-class, vulgar, uncultivated, money-loving and selfish, converted our towns into a waste of dirt and misery, and destroyed the agricultural basis of the countryside. Commercial standards, insisting always on profit at the expense of amenity, handed down to us all the problems with which the old are struggling, and all the conditions against which the young are in reaction.

And now in this new century, clouded as it has been over nearly half its course by disastrous war, the poor have their turn of power, bringing with them a more sociable, less private, but not unattractive mode of life. A house for every family. A house full of labour-saving devices, with unstinted water and

electric light. A gay house, not built solidly for permanence, but lightly to suit an ephemeral taste that may change. A house full of sunlight, and sited to obtain it, with roof terraces, balconies and large windows. A house part of a design with its neighbours, and part of a larger design with its neighbourhood. No doubt the motor highway is the backbone of a modern community, but no modern plan will admit the building of houses along it. Like vertebræ to the backbone, the new streets will be at right angles to the highway. They will be used as service lanes to supply the houses and for no other purpose. Each house will have its small personal garden behind it for flowers and vegetables, and behind these again a long communal garden with trees in which the children can play. Such are the needs and demands of the modern family, and mingled in this design would be large buildings of flats to provide for the old, the childless, and the unmarried.

We pass to the general needs of the community. Electricity and motor transport enable us to break up that hideous monster the large industrial town, and return to the small civilized city. The country town, under a planned scheme of decentralized industry, will be the unit of urban life. The worker, leaving the home above described, will travel along the motor highway to his work in an industrial or business area of the town, which will be the furthest point from the residential area. His wife will walk to the shopping centre, arcaded and roofed against the weather, and his children will walk to school in the cultural centre, which will also contain churches, theatres, concert halls, cinemas, playgrounds for children, tennis courts, bathing pools and a public park. The four areas, residential, industrial, cultural and shopping, united by motor highways, and protected against undue expansion by a green belt, cover all the needs of a modern community except holidays. To fill this gap there will no doubt be a movement for the establishment of holiday camps, and, in combination with the National Trust, the state will reserve obvious areas, such as the coast, the lake district, Snowdonia, as national parks.

It will be objected that there is a terrible uniformity in these ideas, that they forget our well-known class distinctions, take no account of the fact that some families are richer than others, and ignore all the interesting varieties of our very individualistic national life. But however different habit and taste may be in detail, people of all classes and of all incomes in reality want the same things, a home, a garden, work to do, shopping to do, children to educate and amuse, "fun" of various kinds

in leisure hours. The richer home would need a garage, would have more spacious rooms and a larger garden. The man would go to the business centre by car instead of by bus, his wife would go to more luxurious shops, and their "fun" would be more expensive. But these things do not affect planning, which is based on fundamental needs common to all.

There are, however, special features connected with the problem of London upon which a word must be said, for the application of these general principles may not seem easy in the case of the capital of the Empire. Nevertheless the zoning of London falls very naturally into various groups.

1. Ceremonial London, between Buckingham Palace and Guildhall, with buildings constructed for beauty and permanence.
2. University London, preserving the eighteenth century character of Bloomsbury.
3. Business London, concentrated in the City.
4. Industrial London, concentrated in the East End.
5. Cultural London, concentrated in the West End.

It is the rest that would have to be replanned into residential areas on modern lines. Transport, the most difficult and complicated of all London problems might be eased by the decentralization of industry, but must in any case be reorganized upon some such plan as that proposed in the Bressey Report.

There remains the question of the country houses, the stately homes of England, the most lovely flower of our civilized life. Abroad such relics of the feudal past have either fallen into decay, or have been converted into barracks, schools and lunatic asylums. Under the lash of taxation the process can be observed as beginning here, and surely it is worth while to try and fit them into the new world, occupied and untouched, if it is possible. It is our custom here not to destroy things but to adapt them to new uses. No doubt a few people will retain or make sufficient income to continue to live in such houses. A larger number, it is to be hoped, will be handed over to the National Trust under its admirable scheme by which the family can continue to live in their ancestral home, in practical ownership, but free of taxation. But it must be remembered that, as a whole, the young do not want to live in these large houses, even if they could get the servants and the money required to run them. They are in strong reaction against the ties and burdens of such responsibilities. They know also that the state is certain to take over the control and financing of agricultural production, with results fatal to the sports of shooting and hunting. They realize therefore that being a landowner will no

longer be sufficient profession for a man, and that both its duties and its pleasures are passing away. How then do they visualize the future of the country estate? Something of the nature of an American summer colony. Divorced from agriculture, its woods and hills in the hands of the National Trust, the house, the garden and the park could be laid out on the lines of a club, the members of which would use the big house and its garden for tennis, bathing, dancing and the entertainment of week-end guests. In addition to these amenities, membership would give the right to build a small house in the park. These houses would be built as part of a design, suitable to the general character of the land, and treating the park more or less on the lines of a village green. All scattered villas built for privacy should be forbidden. A very large estate would include a golf-course, and no doubt in many cases the week-end cottage members would solve the servant problem by taking their meals at the club-house. By such a plan the country house, and possibly its pictures and furniture, could finance itself, escape the slow but certain strangulation of taxation, and fill a different but not undignified place in the new life.

"What a horrible world," the old will cry: "I am glad I shall not be alive in it, I hope my old contemporaries will succeed in preventing it from coming. And any way, where is the money coming from? Fortunately all this planning will be hung up by finance." We can remember our fathers and grandfathers looking with the same distaste upon the future, and, as many a war has proved, there is always plenty of money to do what you really want to do. Indeed Mr. Keynes is understood to assert that the sums required for housing and reconstruction are a mere trifle and can be found with no difficulty whatever. It is useless therefore to look in this direction for help against the horrible world to come. It will probably be a world in which there are no rich, like Sweden and Denmark, countries of high civilization and very pleasant to live in. The old cannot imagine such a world. Also privacy, which is the conspicuous privilege of wealth, will diminish, and may grow to be looked upon with the indifference felt by a citizen of the United States. Even in England, though lately so prized, it is of recent origin. The Duke of Ormonde in the seventeenth century was accustomed to eat his dinner with some two hundred people at Kilkenny, and Pepys's Diary shows us a community of easily-mixing classes, in which everybody from Charles II. downwards led a persistently social existence. The coffee houses and clubs of the eighteenth century give the impression of a

crowded and talkative life, while Hogarth pictures for us the vicious but social life of the poor. It was the excessive wealth and self-conscious snobbishness of the nineteenth century that cast a gloom of exclusiveness over the carefully-graded community, and it has been well said that "emulation of upper-class independence produced middle-class loneliness." In this century a gradual change has brought a revival of the easy and pleasant social life of the past. Many things have contributed, the motor car, the movie, cheap but good clothes, American ideas, and most of all a more even distribution of wealth. The war, with its wide fusion of population and disregard of class barriers, has increased this tendency. Many who have been accustomed to think riches essential to happiness have made the surprising discovery that it is not, and that the acquisition of an egg can be more exciting than the possession of a diamond. In fact that it is all a question of values; that it is an illusion that the life to which we are accustomed is the only life that is possible, and that every other that has been or will be is horrible. For it is only the unregretted, lightly-rooted, superficial things that are liable to change; the permanent things, the warmth of the sun, the use of the mind, the affections of the heart, remain.

AIDING RUSSIA

I

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

SEVEN weeks of intensive fighting have not brought Germany within sight of decisive success, a clear proof that the Russian High Command has evolved an effective answer to Panzer tactics. Russian troops too are evidently sufficiently well armed and trained to meet German infantry on level terms when they attempt to support or to exploit such success as the Panzer Divisions achieve. For several weeks now the Germans have apparently been compelled to modify, if not abandon completely, the tactics which served them so well in other theatres, and which in the first phase of their offensive gave such promising results. It may be that the thrust directed towards Odessa, in progress as I write, may be of true Panzer type; possibly with a concentration of divisions withdrawn from other sectors. Elsewhere it would seem that Panzer thrusts which had penetrated considerable distances have either been withdrawn, or are holding on to ground gained with such limited infantry support as may have reached them, or is included in their organization. One is, I think, justified in believing that Russian counter-attacks have succeeded in destroying some at least of these advanced groups, and that others are experiencing supply difficulties, only partially relieved by what can be brought up by air.

So far as can be gathered from the meagre information available the tendency in recent fighting has been for armoured troops to intervene in the infantry combat rather than for infantry to support the blows of the armoured divisions. One thing seems certain: the use of armoured troops no longer ensures success at comparatively low expenditure of life; and casualties on both sides must be immense. The Russian method of countering Panzer tactics, effective as it appears to be, is certainly expensive. It appears to take at least three forms, or four if one includes Stalin's scorched earth policy. Primarily the Russian strategy aims at bringing Panzer thrusts

to a standstill by fierce counter-attacks by armoured forces. These, even if unsuccessful, must compel the Panzer columns to keep concentrated, and unable to disperse, in order to spread alarm and cause damage over wide areas as they did in France. The counter strokes must have a crippling effect on the enemy's mobility and entail expenditure of his munitions difficult to replace. The second aim of the Russians is to prevent the German infantry supporting the Panzer thrusts—they refuse to retire when their lines of retreat are threatened. The risk involved, of large bodies becoming isolated, is accepted; and troops when isolated have shown stubborn and successful resistance. They cannot safely be by-passed by the enemy and attempts to complete their destruction entail costly attacks and the use of armoured units to accelerate the operation. Resistance of this nature tends to destroy the impetus of the whole offensive movement. No doubt some of the defensive groups are overwhelmed, but not till they have achieved important results. Others not completely surrounded may make good their escape, as in the case of a division that cut its way out from Lwow in the early days of the war. The third element in the Russian plan is guerrilla warfare on the German lines of communication. This would probably have had little effect if the impetus of the offensive could have been maintained. The comparatively small forces used in Panzer thrusts might have been adequately supplied: but once it became necessary to use infantry divisions in large numbers the strain on lines of communications was bound to increase. The strain would then be accentuated by the necessity of adding to the number of protective line of communication troops and of mobile forces required to hunt down guerrilla bands. It is not known to what extent parachutists are used in connection with the guerrilla warfare, but in the vast area covered by the German advance there must be exceptional opportunities of employing them to maintain and stimulate guerrilla activities. It is easy to see how the various forms of Russian resistance supplement and interlock with each other, without the necessity of exercising any great measure of central control.

Where central control is of immense importance, however, is in the disposition and economic employment of counter-attacking reserves. How to maintain a vigorous counter-attacking policy without exhausting reserve power, is the problem which will test Russian leadership to the utmost. It came through the first phase of the war with much credit in effecting the withdrawal of the covering armies without serious

disaster. It met the second phase of the German offensive with even greater success, checking the drive towards Leningrad and retaining a hold on Smolensk and Kiev in face of the heaviest attacks.

In the third phase of their offensive the Germans while concentrating their efforts on the Ukraine may not relax the energy of their attacks towards their former chief objectives, Leningrad and Moscow. Odessa is of course an important objective but its capture is less likely to lead to decisive results than a deep penetration in the central region, which would tend to divide the Russian Army in two and expose the divided forces to defeat in detail. It is conceivable that the drive towards Odessa is chiefly designed to divert Russian reserves from the central regions preparatory to a later renewal of the main offensive in the Leningrad area. The continued air attacks on Moscow suggest that Moscow is still looked on by the Germans as the nerve centre of Russian resistance. Those attacks have apparently met with surprisingly little success, and in this case it is reassuring to have had Russian claims substantiated by reports received from neutral and allied observers. What can we make of other claims put forward by the combatants? Those made by Germany, owing to their extravagance, have gained little credence, for it is universally agreed that if they had any approach to accuracy Russian resistance must have broken down; and that by German admission has certainly not occurred.

It would be rash, however, to assume, as I have seen suggested, that because the Germans are the attacking side their casualties must be higher than those of the Russians. That is a reversion to the theory, based on the failures, or partial failures, of offensives in the last war, that the defence suffers less than the attack owing to the defensive power of modern weapons. Whatever validity that theory had under trench warfare conditions—and its validity has never been fully established—it certainly does not apply to mobile warfare where the attack often makes advances measured in miles, and not in hundreds of yards. In such cases the defender has little chance of recovering his wounded, even if he succeeds in withdrawing the bulk of his force without heavy losses of material and unwounded prisoners. All the advantages lie with the attacker in that respect and in particular he is able to salvage mechanical vehicles which may have broken down or been disabled in the course of the action. Every army has an organization for carrying out salvage work of that nature, and unless

vehicles are very seriously damaged they are soon in action again. Even those in a hopeless condition provide valuable spare parts. Since the Germans have gained ground consistently and have seldom lost what they have captured, clearly on the balance the German losses in non-recoverable wounded, in prisoners and in mechanical vehicles must have been much less than those of the Russians, although the numbers of dead and wounded may well have been greater on the German side.

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Both in America and, to some extent, in this country there appears to be a growing feeling that we should give more active assistance to Russia. Bombing of targets in Western Germany, and offensive sweeps over occupied territory, though their long term effect is probably great, admittedly do not produce much immediate effect on operations in Russia—except so far as they force the Germans to retain a large number of day and night fighter aircraft for defensive action in the west. Their effect on German morale, especially now that Berlin is subjected to both British and Russian attacks, is of course also important. But it is often asked why do we not initiate a land operation against Germany on an effective scale now that she is so fully engaged in Russia—if we think the invasion of Britain is possible, why do not we seize the opportunity to turn the tables on Germany by landing an army in Europe? The reasons are not always fully appreciated. Primarily it is recognized that an attempt to invade Britain would be a desperate gamble, only to be contemplated by an enemy whose immense resources and secure position could afford to risk great sacrifices. It is a risk that might be taken by Germany because once a footing was secured on our shores vital objectives would immediately be threatened. She would have, moreover, a great range of air bases from which to support the attack.

If we, at this stage of the war, were to attempt to land an army on the Continent the difficulties of the operation would be as great as a landing in England, or even greater, owing to the advantages the enemy holds in having a practically unlimited number of air bases—and it is air power that has added immensely to the already great difficulty of landing an army in face of opposition. Losses to shipping would under air attack be enormous, even if a high degree of air supremacy could be achieved over landing places and sea routes. The gamble for us would be as great as for the Germans, it would be an unjustifiable risk of our limited resources and perhaps

even more important, it would not, as in the case of invasion of Britain, promise decisive results if successful; vital objectives in enemy country would still be out of reach. Invasion of French occupied territory would probably be least difficult to accomplish, as being the only area in which air supremacy to cover landings might be secured, but would it be welcome to the Vichy Government? Might it not rather excite its active hostility? If we wish to land an army in Europe without facing active opposition, only the north coast of Russia offers that condition. But direct reinforcement is not what Russia needs. Northern Russia presents few objectives, and, as the Germans have already found, is a region where military operations are hampered by terrain. It would be particularly unsuitable for a highly mechanized force. A further objection is that the sea communications would involve a flank movement across the enemy's front as well as encountering unfavourable climatic conditions. In the existing situation the landing of a large expeditionary force in Europe for continuous operations seems to be out of the question. Minor raids of a tip and run character can achieve the same results, and the possibility that they may be attempted compels the Germans to employ large forces for the protection of the immense coastline of the occupied countries.

In the Middle East we of course possess a base and forces capable of striking at the Axis powers in Libya, though whether there is a sufficient German contingent there to constitute an appreciable dispersion of German war potential may be questioned. Moreover, in view of Turkey's proximity to the Russian theatre and uncertain security, it may be considered wiser to keep our Middle East forces in reserve, in case Turkey should need their help rather than to commit them to large scale operations in Libya. What our military policy may be I do not know, but the above are certainly factors which must be considered by those desirous of giving a greater measure of assistance to Russia. My sympathies are all in favour of offensive action, but one should be on guard against being drawn in foolish and purposeless adventures which might leave us incapable of useful action when opportunity occurs.

AIDING RUSSIA

II

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

IT becomes more and more evident as time creeps on that Hitler's *blitzkrieg* against Russia is a thing of fits and starts, bearing very little resemblance to that tidal bore for which method of advance his war-machine was fashioned. Competent critics even think it not unlikely that the Nazi armies may be bogged down on the steppes as those of Japan are stuck in the paddy-fields of China. To those who had studied the Red Army, and had knowledge of the Russian war potential, it seemed indeed a lunatic adventure, borne of desperation and of a need to keep the Swastika mast-high in the field of war. On any showing, however, it was not quite that, and if the gigantic project did partake of lunacy there was at least distinctly method in its madness.

For Hitler, contrary to all opinion, has not embroiled himself in that bugbear of the *Reichwehr*, a two-front war! On our side of the vast field of battle there is, and has been ever since Dunkirk, except at sea and in the air, a practical cessation of hostilities, a situation, moreover, which we are powerless to break owing to the simple fact that the English Channel intervenes. Our enemy has carefully engirdled himself with that watery obstacle in the west against all-comers, and can meanwhile apply the whole weight of his armoured horde in the direction of his new-found Eastern foe. Small wonder, in the circumstances, that he ventured, flushed with victory as he was and exalted by the notion of invincibility.

There are many in this country, excited thereto by the plainness of the proposition and encouraged by the article-writing in their favourite dailies, who would press for another British landing on the Continent while Hitler is otherwise engaged and thus put our enemy, in metaphor, between the devil and the deep sea. This is dangerous thinking, if there ever was, and it is astonishing how people can be so misled. In spite of lesson after lesson on the peril of such an undertaking without com-

plete air mastery they loosely think, and loosely speak, to that effect. Any such idea, of course, would be for us at present a palpable absurdity! It is not generally known, perhaps, that it took at least a fortnight to assemble our original Expeditionary Force on French soil in 1939, nor is it taken into account that the whole proceeding was then conducted without interference of any sort or kind from the air. In those days the Nazi Air Force was installed in aerodromes behind the Siegfried Line with the whole breadth of France between it and our ports of disembarkation. Air action at that time by the enemy would have involved a series of 700-mile flights, there and back, over hostile territory and in the face of determined fighter opposition before he could have made his presence felt at all. He did not choose to do so and in consequence our war material was unloaded in an atmosphere of peace, while our men stepped ashore amid the plaudits of the crowd and marched in safety to their billets. But compare the then and now!

To-day such landings would have to be effected in the face of opposition from the start. Not only would our force be endlessly assaulted from the air in the act of disembarking, but also in the ports of assembly on our side and on the crossing. The main bomber strength of the *Luftwaffe*, it is true, is occupied against the Russians, but a few hours would be enough to reproduce it on this side where it could settle down on aerodromes which are kept in working order, with fuels, bombs, and all other requisites, for just such a purpose. A further handicap would be the ruined ports of France which we have been assiduously bombing, day and night, for the last fifteen months, and from which every landing facility, in the shape of derricks, haulage gear and winching plants, would be at once withdrawn. In these circumstances we would be bound to suffer cruel loss and might receive a mortal blow, for even if we repeated our successes in the Air Battle of Britain, in protection of our men and ships below, it stands to reason that neither could expect immunity from overhead attack. It would doubtless be an occasion for the staging of the biggest air battle ever yet conceived, and indeed we need not shrink from such a contest, but the lure would be our transports and their cargoes, human or material, and the risk of their wholesale destruction would be immense. We are fairly confident in these islands that British air power can be largely relied on to defeat the enemy's attempt to invade our shores. Then why should we succeed where the enemy must fail, taking into consideration that the enemy, as to weight of numbers in the air,

is still in the ascendant? Not thus can we effect a diversion in favour of our Russian ally, for the present, whatever his difficulties on land. But the time is fast approaching when we may assume, and assert, that air mastery over the *Luftwaffe* which is to bring us final victory, for with air supremacy, not in local airs but in a universal sense, we can command the sea and land as well.

How then may we best intervene on Russia's behalf? The answer is that we are doing all we can for the moment by our day and night air offensives over Germany and France, undertaken, as they are, with the dual objective of striking at the vitals of the German war machine and of attracting from the burdened Russian front a proportion of the Nazi air strength for reprisal bombing. With regard to the former of these two aims we constantly obtain success. But it is an attrition process and, as with all such, the results, although accumulative, are slow. The Nazi war machine is vast and its tentacles embrace not alone the entire industry of the mother country, but are now extended to include the workshops and production plants in the territories she has lately occupied. With reference to the second of these two aims, however, we have obtained little, if any, success to date, for, excepting only some thickening of enemy night-fighters over German targets, it is not apparent that we have diverted any aircraft strength at all. In consequence a curious situation presents itself.

Hitler has a two-front air war on his hands all right, but he seems not to be bothering himself, for the moment, with our diversion tactics. He is apparently content, instead, to let us batter at his cities in the west, their own air protection screens sufficing for their needs, while he applies himself wholeheartedly to the vital problem of victory in the east. Over there the air power on both sides is chiefly tactically employed to further the fortune of the armies on the ground, the struggle in that theatre partaking exclusively of the nature of land warfare with air co-operation. Such method of conducting large scale operations is the peculiar province of Nazi military preparation and now it is experiencing its first full test. Obviously all has not gone well with the Nazi programme of Russian conquest, the goose-step of prideful progress having been exchanged for marking time, and so, confronted with a check for the first time in his military career and the projected walk-over having become a painful plod, it is hardly likely that Hitler would consent to any diminishment of effort while the fate of

battle is at stake. He has made a grave miscalculation and must abide by the consequences.

Such, in all probability, is the real reason for the bomber lull this side, and why our increasing weight of missiles thrown on Germany brings forth no reply. It is a comforting reflection that the colossus may have feet of clay and, in vulgar parlance, is up against it. Our own air power grows apace as the enemy's diminishes in contest with the foe out east. Doubtless Hitler promises himself a 'divine' revenge for the contumely, and bombs, we are heaping on his head beyond his power of retort. But meanwhile we get stronger week by week while, proportionately, he grows feebler. The Russians may extract his sting and leave him without the power of reprisal. These Boeing Fortresses are to be turned out at the rate of 500 a month ere long. Our own Stirlings and Halifaxes increase in number. Super-bombers of such type can really bring the war to Germany and glut her people with that which they have merely tasted so far in comparison. Our people have been tested and found true. The enemy people is now about to undergo the test. Their reaction will be interesting when Berlin, and other German cities hitherto unscathed, bear the scars of London, Coventry and Bristol.

BERLIN INTERLUDE

BY BERNARD CAUSTON

IT is a point of pride with Berlin that the atmosphere is always electric—"in Berlin there is always something doing!" as your Berliner remarks with pride. Returning in April, 1933, as a journalist to the capital which I had known ten years previously as a student during the inflation period I found the atmosphere charged with anticipation, both of triumph and disaster. One world was coming to an end, another beginning.

There was scarcely an institution in Berlin which the Nazi Revolution had left untouched. The English Seminar at the University asked me to stopgap a lecture for one of their Friday evenings. A Mr. Christopher Isherwood who was to have spoken on D. H. Lawrence had left the country at short notice. I took instead English Humour, Falstaff, Dickens, *Punch*—can't go far wrong on that—doubtless flashed through the minds of the professorial board as they beamed approval. But even so on their faces could be read apprehension of impending disaster and from the front row they stared anxiously whenever humour hinted at the tendentious.

It would be easy to write a witty little piece along those lines. The detached observer, a British passport in his pocket, has a quiet snicker at those Germans, particularly the cultured, independent-minded minority, artists and intellectuals, as he watches them running frantically for cover from the approaching terror. But anyone with a modicum of sympathy and insight could find a little oasis from the general uproar in such company. There was no formal password for admittance. It was a matter of instinct. A few non-committal phrases served to reconnoitre the lie of the land. When anybody showed by a remark that he was for the Régime a look passed between the others and the conversation dwindled to generalities. Implication was the touchstone. In Berlin at least there was this freemasonry amongst those who could trust one another. Also the alleviations of metropolitan cynicism. A foreign correspondent once complained to a German colleague of the frosty reception he encountered when trying to beard the Gestapo

headquarters about a man who had "disappeared." "You found them difficult?" the Berliner smiled, "why we go in and out there like little children."

Alleviations. The Régime had reduced Berlin to the cultural was not perhaps extinct but had to be ferreted out in holes and status of a provincial city where independent art and culture corners. I had been given a letter of introduction to a painter whom I shall call Herr Farmer. But I consulted my friends, Kurt and Gerda, before looking him up. It was from them that I heard this story. Farmer, an impoverished artist with dreams of grandeur, was painting his canvases, somewhat reminiscent of Kandinsky's abstract phase, in the traditional garret when *The letter* from America arrived. Somebody had reported to Jewelman, the American millionaire Maecenas, that in Berlin there lived in dire need of patronage the world's greatest painter and his name was Herr Farmer. So Jewelman wrote in the fullness of his heart: How much did Herr Farmer need to devote himself fully to the creation of his masterpieces, unhindered by sordid care? Herr Farmer in his garret consulted a trusted friend: How much should he ask for? 200 marks a month or—an artist must not seem avaricious—250? To his modest reply there came a cablegram: 5,000 dollars stand to your credit at the bank.

Herr Farmer vacated his garret, shipped his canvases to America and took more ambitious premises. This house had not only a superb studio but a commanding position along one of Berlin's principal thoroughfares. He decorated it within and without in manner befitting and, to guard against the risk of further obscurity, affixed at the garden gate the inscription *Brilliant House*. And he went on painting still more furiously. The story had so inflamed the imagination of my friends that it grew in the re-telling, each adding some rococo ornament. But we had sobered down by the time we had reached the garden gate, now denuded of its emblem as a concession to the times. A footman unlocked the garden gate, ushered us into an ante-room, Kurt, Gerda and myself. The marble walls were enlivened by paintings of Herr Farmer. A few minutes later we were shown into the Presence. The Master greeted us affably, offered sherry and cigars. My friends' prognostication had not, it was true, been quite fulfilled. They had pictured to me a vast studio, empty, but for a mysterious cavity, and then with the pressure of a button a platform would rise to view; on it Herr Farmer busy with brushes, palette and canvas. But Herr Farmer's appearance was noteworthy. Imagine D. H.

Lawrence in court dress, the prophetic beard coiffeured. Herr Farmer looked withal exactly what he was, a plain farmer's son, and the wrinkled little face stood out all the more incongruously from the fashionable habiliments. A pearl tie pin transfixed the stock. The sturdy peasant figure was luxuriously upholstered in a streamlined suiting of insistent design, style Gebrüder Hoffman. Patent leather shoes by Jacoby of the Friedrichstrasse twinkled as he led the way to the studio. Gerda, womanlike, was rather touched by the whole legend. She put finger to her lips and frowned at us. We were not to tease or giggle.

It required some tact, viewing the pictures. For there were a few Kandinskys in the collection, Kandinsky at his most puritan but the work of an originator not an epigone. It was only too manifest which was the master and which was the pupil. Womanly sympathy bridged the dilemma and set Herr Farmer happily yarning away about his problems, human as well as artistic. The Nazi régime had cast a shadow over his Art. He had booked a berth for America and was on the point of embarking when a hand had descended on his shoulder. The Gestapo. They had hindered his departure. "No!" said Gerda. "Have you been in prison?" It was what we were all dying to know but too polite to ask. She had blurted out the question. No, he had not done time. A slight irregularity with the currency laws but the Nazis needed dollars. "Jewelman bought me free." Farmer wagged his beard with peasant cunning. "They can't kill the bird that lays the golden egg," he said.

The ice was broken. We forgot the chromium-plated studio, Farmer's mondain setting. "Ah, I see you are a man one can steal horses with," exclaimed Kurt enthusiastically. It is the supreme German compliment. We had all put our cards on the table. No longer would we stand on ceremony. Soon we should be calling one another "Du."

Another round of sherry and we were all presented with bound catalogues containing reproductions of art exhibited in America, Herr Farmer's predominating. Gerda praised the colour reproduction highly. A technical conversation developed. Under cover of this Kurt and I disputed for the possession of the catalogue in which the work of Kandinsky and others got more of a look in. "*Na, Kinder,*" interrupted Gerda reproachfully and blushing we desisted. Farmer was in high spirits as he expounded his pictures in the catalogue. We decided, Kurt and I did, that we really must be going. We

were overstepping his hospitality, we insisted. But we must come again, declared Farmer as he showed us out in person. The old beard wagged delight as Gerda took one long farewell look at a Farmer Abstract hanging near the threshold *Aufwiederschen!* We left the artist alone with his dream.

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My first lodgings in Berlin were certainly no artist's dream. I had been warned against living in that particular street off the Taubentzenstrasse. "There you'll find nothing but tarts and bugs," remarked a German colleague who liked to have his little joke. But the room was cheap and spacious, near Kurfürstendamm and the centre, and had a telephone. The colleague proved a true prophet, in at least one respect. Others had discovered the advantages of that accessible neighbourhood. By the time I went down to buy the midday paper and my provisions girls were already on patrol, swinging their reticules at an angle, like a sign of their trade. A happy-go-lucky street full of quaint surprises.

When I first arrived Frau Schulze beamed on me—English men are proverbially steady lodgers, financially—and pointed out of her own accord that the room was, of course, *sturmfrei*. She knew what bachelors were and how to make them comfortable. *Sturm*, it might be explained, means in colloquial Berlinese domestic trouble and *sturmfrei* implies: no curfew on late visitors.

Lodgers had been a problem with Frau Schulze. Women gave such trouble what with their washing and using the kitchen. Men were best but her last had been a severe disappointment. He had taken advantage of her kindness and eventually had "shot the moon," leaving arrears of rent. My superhet radio set, typewriter and gramophone spell, if not affluence, a "going concern." Rent paid in advance won her confidence. After that it was plain sailing. She took away the most imposing ornaments and the landscape of Bavaria by moonlight and let me put up a map of Germany and Kurt's painting. She eyed this distrustfully but agreed that it was too fragile to be dusted. She was not strong on dusting.

As time went by little by little she told me the story of her life. Her fiancé had developed tuberculosis and her parents had forbidden the banns. Swindled out of the proceeds of a small general store, she missed the gossip with customers almost more than the money. So she had come down in the world, like every other landlady I have known, and lived by

taking in lodgers. Frau Schulze had given up going to church years ago, but she seemed to have discovered a good reason for this recently, as the local pastor was "Confessional" and not approved of in Party circles. Politics now occupied most of her spare emotion. She used to vote Communist but the Führer had changed all that. The china bulldogs on her mantelpiece had been replaced by His portrait tastefully decorated with velvet ribbon. Such a spaniel look in his eye as he stooped to accept the bouquet of flowers from the little peasant maiden. "Ah, what a man!" Frau Schulze breathed ecstatically, "I'm sure he feels for all of us."

Gerda, however, was less taken with the room when she visited me. "It's sinister," she declared, but I told her she was exaggerating. Her woman's eye detected signs of neglect everywhere. It was true that listening to her radio seemed more and more to absorb Frau Schulze's attention. There was no central heating, so heat was provided by the stove which dominated my room like a vast idol. Behind the stove cobwebs gathered in a positive festoon. "Like a witch's curse," commented Gerda, "You men are too easygoing." She had quite an altercation with Frau Schulze who retired from the encounter, rumbling and grumbling to sit beside her radio and listen to the Führer.

And then one day *It* began to happen. I noticed something crawling along the wainscoting. Frau Schulze noticed my look. She stopped with her duster and swept away the intruder. "Don't you worry about that," she said, "it's only a maybug and that brings luck." But she studied my face as she went on dusting this time rather more industriously behind the stove. Other things were getting on my nerves. A vision of neglected washing and messes of food in the kitchen when I went to fetch a glass of water. The long, not overclean nail which stabbed into my plate as she handed me my supper. That evening I saw something small and brown moving across Kurt's picture. I called Frau Schulze. This time she did not deny what it was. "Ah, I always knew that picture would bring bad luck," she said. And then as an afterthought "It's that girl of yours who has put you up to things."

I now saw another side of Frau Schulze. Hitherto she had been good natured if lazy and only needed coaxing. Misfortune transformed her into a raging termagant. "There aren't any bugs in my house. You must have brought them with you," she screamed. She took it as an additional insult when I summoned a *hausjäger*, as the disinfecter of vermin-ridden

apartments is known. The *hausjäger* arrived, as loaded with secret weapons as a modern infantryman. "A few bugs, that's nothing; we'll soon fetch them out," he announced. In jovial tones that must have been heard in the next apartment he added, by way of reassurance, "Why, every other house in Berlin has got them." He set to work, squirting sulphuric acid into all the nooks and crannies along the floorboard and wainscoting. His face shone with satisfaction. He had the craftsman's pride in his skill. Frau Schulze watched him with awe but shook her head. "Not every other house," she muttered. Not in her Berlin.

Gerda was furious with me for not having given notice. "You don't need to pay the rent," she said. She had been a student in Breslau and was a mine of information on the law regarding vermin as the result of her experiences there. Breslau must be an uneasy town from her description. "Frau Schulze is in a fury because she is afraid of losing a lodger," she decided. "Sulphuric acid is no good. The room needs gassing but that's her business not yours." I began to sleep fitfully and wake up suddenly to examine my surroundings. To this day I never take a room without looking around for those telltale brown pockmarks on bedstead and woodwork. The idea of secret inhabitants lurking in the background preys on the imagination. It is as unsettling as the suspicion of espionage.

Frau Schulze and I were now distant and coldly polite in our demeanour like ambassadors of countries on the brink of war. Crisis was in the air. And sure enough it came. Only three weeks after the *hausjäger* had done his damndest, it happened again. Frau Schulze's diplomacy vanished at the new threat to her security, propped up of late by long listening to patriotic radio speeches. White in the face she gasped, "I have my honour as a German woman" and swept out of my room. Gerda and Kurt helped me to pack. When we tiptoed out, she was sitting, tearstained, by the radio.

It was years before I passed through that street again. Hitler was to address a meeting in the *Sportpalast*. There were ominous rumours that he would announce an ultimatum to Czechoslovakia. The meeting had to be reported at short notice so I took a taxi to get there in time. The street was cordoned off by S.S. men who were holding back an expectant crowd. My taxi halted in the congestion of traffic. Through the window I could see the familiar scene. The huge blocks of tenement flats with soiled, ornamental frontages. Tier on tier

of balconies aflower with window-boxes. Balconies sagging almost to precipitate their burden like elderly beldames with exuberant corsages. On the pavement below people were craning over each other's shoulders to catch a glimpse of the Führer as he went by. Radio amplifiers blared out marching songs. The whole street was resonant with clangour. And then I caught a glimpse of a small, sturdy figure hastening through the crowd. In her black velvet Sunday best, scarf flying in the breeze, she looked somebody arriving breathless at a rendezvous. Eyes shining, lips parted in expectation, Frau Schulze went forth to greet the bridegroom.

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What is Berlin? Facts? Your Special Correspondent can supply them. Situated on the rivers Spree and Havel, fifth largest city in the world, occupying 884 square kilometres and possessing 187 Protestant and 46 Catholic churches, 30 theatres, 394 cinemas, 116 hospitals and nineteen lunatic asylums. When I think of those well-appointed asylums I am reminded of Frau Schulze's remark when defending concentration camps, "the only thing is I sometimes feel that the wrong people get inside."

But besides Facts how much else besides! Memories of outings with friends, sunshine in the gardens along the canal, pleasure and pain in haphazard encounters. Berlin is, though in no military sense, an open town. One makes friends, and loses them, without always waiting to be socially introduced. There are so many other and greater worries beyond the risk of being landed with a bore. Always as time went on there was that anxious sense of people being borne on faster than they knew by a current growing ever deeper. Things can't go on like this. The nagging uncertainty underlined all plans and meetings, all thoughts of holidays. "Next year—if" scaled down to "next month—if" and then to "next week—if." It gave a sub-acid flavour even to jokes and the small pleasures of life. Berlin as I knew it, hardly a normal peacetime Berlin but still . . . could not go on like this. Berlin of the carbonic acid-cooled draught beer whose effect on the lining of the stomach was almost a teetotaler's sermon. Berlin with its excellent cheap spirit, anathema, no doubt, to the exclusive whisky-drinker. A problem for sociologists; why did Korn in the pubs around Stettiner Bahnhof always have that faint taste of caraway seed, belonging by rights to the more aristocratic Kümmel? Berlin where every Sunday morning

undertakers left to view a fine window display of coffins in every size and model and so enabled thoughtful passers-by to ponder their future.

When the last day came there was the usual rush. To say goodbye to most of one's friends was impossible. They would surely understand. All sorts of last minute commissions, half humorous promises to be fulfilled if A last meal with Gerda at Schlichter's. Friends at the next table suggested meeting next week. "As a matter of fact I am going away for a few days," with their glances straying to the luggage beside one—"but I expect to be back later." After all, one never can tell. Shaking hands with forced cheerfulness. A last minute hustle at the station. We just got the luggage on the train in time. Gerda wisecracking as usual about being good at seeing people off. Should I say I wish she were coming too? A man of straw best expresses no regrets, for that only makes things worse. As I tipped the porter he pointed down the platform to the rear of the train. "Half the carriages are empty," he said, "that's how the last train went out in 1914." I saw Gerda shrink as though struck. She hid her face. I leant out to say goodbye. But the train had already begun to move.

PLANNING POST-WAR EUROPE

II. INTER-STATE CO-OPERATION FOR PEACEFUL CONSOLIDATION

*Prepared in co-operation with the Governments concerned
by J. EMLYN WILLIAMS*

THERE appears to be general agreement among the Allied Governments consulted, that international co-operation through some system of *blocs* can contribute towards establishing in Europe a more lasting peace than existed between 1919 and 1939.

Despite all the hard things that have been said about the League of Nations, it is obvious that this was an experiment from which much can be learnt for the planning of the New Europe, especially if there is general realization of the fact that any new League must have behind it some armed power with which to enforce its decisions.

It is clearly realized that the new European (or World) Organization can only be permanently successful to the extent that it is not the first but the final stage in a process which begins with regional *blocs* wherein the mutual benefits of close co-operation are self-evident.

Running like a thread through each statement is the conviction that future peace will depend fundamentally upon a continuation of the active help of the British Empire and the United States in settling the many intricate problems of the post-war period. This applies particularly to East and Central Europe, and will be shown more clearly in a special article later in this series.

Significant also is the fact that Germany's unprincipled aggression against militarily unprepared states, which trusted too much in treaties and international rights, has taught the lesson that international combination of peace-loving states even at the sacrifice of some sovereignty and not neutrality is the key to future peace.

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Poland is directly concerned with the welfare of those small nations of Europe, with whom it has vital political and economic interests in common. The chief of these interests is security against aggression, and on this basis Poland wishes to co-operate as closely as possible with the nations inhabiting the area situated between Germany and Russia.

These nations represent an aggregate force of over 115,000,000, and the territories inhabited by them are not only rich in natural resources, but are interconnected by the similarity of their geographical conditions, the supplementary character of their agricultural production, and the general configuration of their waterways and railways. Not only have their social structures many features in common, but also their political outlook, which, under the influence of historical developments, has evolved in the direction of national self-determination combined with a desire for democratic forms of government. In addition, these same nations have long indicated their desire for mutual co-operation for the defence of common interests.

The failure of the Western Powers to organize the free nations between the Baltic and the Black Sea, so as to enable them to enjoy real security against expansionist tendencies threatening them from the west or the east, was one of the main causes of the downfall of the whole European system set up by the Peace Treaties after the last war.

It is, therefore, essential that in the new post-war Europe neither Germany nor Russia should obtain any actual predominance in the area in question. Any such predominance, for instance, on the part of Russia, whether it be called "leadership" or anything else, would again lead to a German-Russian collision of interests in eastern Europe. This, as experience has shown, would not only threaten the nations of central and eastern Europe, but also constitute a very real menace to Britain and the whole world. The very object of any organization of eastern and central Europe on a basis of liberty, self-determination, and voluntary co-operation would be defeated, if the nations concerned, all of whom are freedom-loving and democratic, were to be subjected to Russia. For, despite certain affinities of race and language, the Russians' mentality and outlook are different from theirs.

But at the same time it is clear that the community of interests now existing between the nations of Eastern and Central Europe on the one side, and Soviet Russia on the other,

should facilitate co-operation on an equal footing. In the economic field, in particular, this should give ample possibilities for co-ordinating dispersed forces against German military aggression or "peaceful" infiltration.

With regard to the question of possible permanent co-operation through some system of *blocs*, it may be of interest to recall that General Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister, in a series of speeches and interviews last autumn, pointed out that the re-organization of East and Central Europe after the war should be based upon a system of regional *blocs* of federated nations, all co-operating together in a common cause. He also ventured the opinion that the nations concerned, having learnt to their bitter cost that excessive nationalism and exaggerated conceptions of State sovereignty do not constitute an effective safeguard against aggression by stronger powers, would now be willing to surrender certain of their rights to central or federal organizations charged with the defence of their common interests. These organizations, he assumed, would co-operate to form a united front for the maintenance of peace, and he pointed out that the fact that the subjugation of Poland had been the signal for Hitler's campaign against other European nations clearly showed Poland occupied a key position in any European system based upon democratic principles.

The starting point of any federal policy in the region between the Baltic, Black, and Aegean Seas, might well prove to be the joint Polish-Czechoslovak declaration of November 11, 1940. According to its terms, both governments lay down that they are prepared to enter a federal union which will be open to other nations also. A number of Allied statesmen, now in London, have also declared themselves in favour of some such system, while the events of the past two months have cemented the solidarity of all subjugated nations in the face of common oppression.

Preliminary steps for the creation of such federations should and can be taken even before the end of hostilities, and in a form capable of expansion to include other nations, as soon as they become free and can establish free governments. Such a system should come into force even before the opening of peace negotiations with the Axis powers.

The super-federal or international authority which would co-ordinate the activities of the various federal groups should be an expression of the same national forces from which the central organization of the various federations derive their

powers, namely, from the will of the people. A revised League of Nations might, for the time being, act as a superimposed international authority, for the purpose of co-ordination, but it would have to evolve gradually into some kind of federal authority.

The predominant rôle which the British Commonwealth of Nations, backed by the United States of America, will be called upon to play in post war developments in Europe, is indicated in the words of the late Lord Lothian: "The only place where the power can be found behind the laws of a liberal and democratic world is in the United States and Great Britain."

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This war has been generally accepted as a war for democracy. And democracy must now have its chance in international relations as well as within the individual States. **Czechoslovakia** Just as the principle of equality of rights for every citizen should exist in a democracy, so the issue of this war should be equality of rights for every nation, small or large, together with the possibility of free development.

The existence of the small nations is an important guarantee of European equilibrium. It was no accident that Hitler and Mussolini both started their actions for world domination by attacking small neighbours. The independence and liberty of small nations is vital to the whole continent's development, and so there must be a place for them in the new Europe. Czechoslovakia will not be a part of the *Lebensraum* of any greater nation whatever that may be, since it is convinced that only through its own free and independent existence can it best help the common cause of human progress.

Regarding the question of co-operation through *blocs*, it is very probable that there will arise some regional pacts within a European or world organization. Differences of opinion may exist as to details, but it should be underlined that events have proved that peace and security are indivisible, that they cannot be obtained and safeguarded without general co-operation. Thus, Great Britain must be interested in Central Europe just as Central Europe is concerned in certain British affairs which have their reactions on the Danube and the Vltava. At the same time the small states of Central Europe naturally have certain special interests in common so that it should be possible to build up a Central European *bloc*. But such an organization must always be within some larger framework such as, for example, a body like the League of Nations.

PLANNING POST-WAR EUROPE

Some ideas as to the basis of a proposed new Central Europe were recently outlined by Dr. Hubert Ripka, of the Czechoslovak Foreign Office. While recognizing that there still exist "very many unknown and unpredictable factors," he suggests a confederation of small States from the Baltic to the Aegean Seas. This would be based upon the following conceptions:

- (1) It would be composed only of nations genuinely free and able to set up joint administration machinery by free agreement.
- (2) Each State would waive an equal amount of sovereignty, and to prevent any State having a preponderance over the rest, no neighbouring Great Power should be allowed to participate.
- (3) The confederation should be directed by joint administration bodies on which all member States would have an equal number of delegates.
- (4) Since a number of Central European States repudiate the monarchical form of government, the creation of a joint monarchy is excluded.
- (5) The internal régimes of the participating States should be established on democratic principles, since a confederation between a feudal State, a democratic State, and a State under police rule, is impossible.
- (6) This Baltic-Aegean confederation would need to be part of a larger European association of powers.

Dr. Ripka also suggests that steps should be taken to discuss possibilities of the closest co-operation between the Danube States of Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, and Rumania.

The negotiations now proceeding between Poland and Czechoslovakia, both States have indicated, are not in any way exclusive, but rather intended as the beginning of a movement for the formation of some Central European organization of the nations situated between Germany, Italy, and Russia. Poland and Czechoslovakia are neighbours, their official governments are here, and they know what they want and do not want. This makes it all the easier. At the moment it is impossible to negotiate with Austria, or Hungary, for example, since there is no free body with which to negotiate.

Looking at the broader field, it is clear that some institution like the League of Nations must be again set up after the war. But it must avoid the blunders of its predecessor. The United States and Russia must be in it from the beginning, and such a League must have military power behind it.

President Beñes has always advocated that the League to be successful must have real power. Two steps in this direction were the Pact of Assistance, 1923, and the Geneva Protocol, 1924. But the advance towards this end was neither sufficiently sure nor speedy to meet existing conditions. It might

also be pointed out that the League could not act in economic matters. It was only a political body so that all economic conferences organized outside the League did not have the necessary backing. But the Roosevelt-Churchill declaration clearly indicates that this need for economic re-organization after the war is now appreciated.

If only Europe and the world are prepared to learn from the experiments of the past half century, it should be possible to plan successfully the new international organizations.

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The main thing is to win the war, since without an Allied victory none of our post-war planning of Europe can be realized. But as we draw nearer to its final stages,

Norway we must be increasingly occupied with the world we are now fighting to establish when the last battle has been won. In such a world the small nations will certainly have an important function to perform, since in co-operation they can greatly influence the future of the Continent.

After the last World War, an attempt was made to build up the League of Nations, in which we all placed such hope and trust. But it failed and mainly for two reasons:

- (1) It tried to draw up ideals which were to be inspired with life at a later period, and
- (2) Despite the trust placed in the ideals for which the League stood, we overlooked the necessity for protecting them adequately.

If this experiment is to be repeated—and we think it will and should be repeated—would it not be more natural to approach the matter in another way? To start with, the nations which have not only been fighting together, but which also belong together because they have common interests and a common ideal in life and politics, should combine.

On this basis, the natural nucleus for future co-operation would be between those peoples bordering the Atlantic shores, that is, an Atlantic Association. This war has shown the importance of the control of the seas and the control of the Atlantic will mean as much in maintaining peace in the future as now in winning the war. The time is not yet ripe for entering into detailed discussions on this point; but if this idea is sound, it will take care of itself when the time comes for establishing the new post-war world.

Norway firmly believed in a neutrality that could live within the League of Nations, which was assumed to be strong enough to prosper without protective arms of any sort. But Nor

wegians had a very rude awakening when one night the Germans suddenly attacked them. Now they are fighting for their lives, and when freedom has been restored there are no two opinions as to what should be done. The life and freedom so dearly won will not again be left unprotected, and the brotherhood in arms established among the Allied nations in order to win the war will be continued in order to save the peace.

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The small nations ought to be accorded in post-war Europe a place which corresponds not only to their historic rights but also to their contributions, past and present, to the civilization and culture of the world in general. The small nations—and this is certainly true for the European part of the Kingdom of the Netherlands—have always excelled rather in their works of peace than in the art of war.

**The
Netherlands**

In the fields of science, literature, music, etc., one finds contributions by nationals and institutions of the small nations no less great than those of representatives of the bigger powers. It is certainly remarkable that a large percentage of the winners of the Nobel prize are nationals of the small nations.

In the common interest, the small nations ought, therefore, to be given a place in post-war Europe where they can live and develop their resources, material and otherwise, free from fear of aggression.

Lasting co-operation through some system of *blocs* will probably work out to be co-operation of a number of the smaller nations of Europe with Great Britain and the United States. The basis of such co-operation must be the military strength and common ideals of freedom and democracy of these two great powers. It is presumed that while, on the one hand, these great powers will recognize the full rights of these small nations to an independent existence, the small nations, on the other hand, ought to accept the obligations entailed in any system of co-operation. They certainly ought to contribute, to a degree, commensurate with their resources, to the military strength of such a combination.

It seems too early to pronounce on the practicability, in the immediate future, of any federalistic scheme. As to the possibility of a revised League of Nations, the answer is already given in the suggestion of an Anglo-American *bloc* with the co-operation of other nations. It seems clear that one of the

principal faults of the former League of Nations was that it aimed at perfection of regulations, statutes, unanimity, etc. Any future combination ought to concentrate on the accumulation of such power of thought and military strength as will make aggression by any other single nation, or any other combination of nations, an impossibility.

As to the co-operation of the smaller states of Western Europe, the work of the Oslo group in the economic field might be viewed as a hopeful beginning. That it did not develop to any wider extent is certainly not the fault of these peace-loving nations.

It should be stressed that this attempted co-operation was mainly in the economic sphere and that no attempts to achieve political co-operation of a similar kind were made apart from that undertaken within the League of Nations.

(The subject of the third article in this series will be "The Problem of Economic Resettlement in Europe.")

A DANGEROUS THEORY

BY Z. GRABOWSKI

ON August 1 there appeared in *The Times* the leading article 'Peace and Power' which contained the following passage:

The direct community of interest created by Hitler's invasion can be projected into the future and becomes applicable to the future settlement of Europe. Leadership in Eastern Europe is essential if the disorganization of the past twenty years is to be avoided, and if the weaker countries are not to be exposed once more to economic disaster or to violent assault. This leadership can fall only to Germany or to Russia. Neither Great Britain nor the United States can exercise, or will aspire to exercise, any predominant rôle in these regions; and it would be fatal to revive the Allied policy of 1919, which created a bond of union between Germany and Russia against Western Europe. There can be no doubt that British and Russian—and, it may be added, American—interests alike demand that Russian influence in Eastern Europe should not be eclipsed by that of Germany.

The article in question and especially the paragraph quoted above attracted considerable attention throughout the world and caused a good deal of comment in many countries. The press of the Third *Reich* and the German radio devoted long articles and commentaries to the statement of *The Times*. The German propaganda machine stressed the fact that the nations in the East of Europe are now confronted with a clear choice and that Great Britain proclaimed frankly and openly her disinterestedness in the affairs of Eastern Europe. Turkish political circles have been unpleasantly surprised by the article of *The Times* and some articles published by the Turkish press pointed out bluntly that Turkey does not want to submit to the Russian tutelage.

On the whole the article in question has been harmful to the British cause and has given rise to some apprehension about the sincerity of this country's pledges and plans for the reconstruction of Europe. From the psychological point of view *The Times* article has been undoubtedly a blunder; England's allies in the East—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia do not like the idea of being confronted with a choice between Germany or Russia. Given such alternatives some countries might still vote for the German leadership.

The leadership of Germany in Eastern Europe had been tacitly admitted by the Munich agreement which spelt doom to all countries of Eastern and South-Eastern Europe. Great Britain abandoned the line taken at Munich not only because of the repeated perjury of Berlin but also because she realized at the eleventh hour that the German combine which will emerge after the conquest of Eastern Europe will prove too strong and too dangerous for the Western Powers.

The other alternative, Russia's leadership in Eastern Europe, is certainly not a safe solution for this country. Russia is rather poorly equipped for the task of leadership among the countries which from the point of view of material civilization and prosperity compare favourably with her. The leadership of Russia would inevitably mean a rapid deterioration in the standard of living of the Eastern European area and impoverishment of that region.

The issue becomes even more complicated by the fact that modern Russia is not a normal country judged by current notions and ideas. She is a centre of a sharply defined social and political programme. The expansion of Soviet Russia to the West would bring inevitably the collaboration of Moscow with a defeated Germany turned Communist. It is significant that the Soviet Government introduced with iron logic the expression 'Hitlerite Germany' into all their agreements signed recently in order to draw the distinction between this special, so to speak, brand of Germany and any other sort of *Reich*. Soviet Russia is certainly not prepared to fight a Communist Germany.

It may well be feared that the leadership of Soviet Russia in Eastern Europe would mean the expansion of Communist ideas across that area to Germany and the creation of a powerful Russo-German Communist *bloc*.

The choice for Europe should not lie between Germany and Russia, two enormous reservoirs of energy and dynamic strength. They should be separated by a layer of states which are destined to assume the rôle of mediator between Germany and Russia both in an economic and political sense. It is only too clear that the chaotic conditions which prevailed in the area of Eastern and South-Eastern Europe before this war cannot be allowed to continue. Neither an independent Poland nor a free Czechoslovakia is a sufficient barrier to Germany. But even a Polish-Czechoslovak union gives no proper guarantee that Eastern Europe can resist the German pressure. Eighty million Germans must be counter-balanced by some 80

or 90 million Slavs and other national groups. We realize now that one of the greatest misfortunes of the last war was the dissolution of the Austro-Hungary which had been based on a certain natural community of economic interests and in many aspects offered the example of an advanced and highly civilized community.

It seems that the wisest possible course would be to reconstruct a *bloc* of states stretching from the Baltic down to the Adriatic and Black Sea. The Baltic States would bring into such a federation their industriousness and highly developed social sense, Poland her moral and cultural traditions combined with the consciousness of her mission in the East of Europe, and Czechoslovakia her splendidly organized industry and hard working masses. Poland and Czechoslovakia are in many respects complementary countries and they can help each other enormously by keeping the closest possible contact. Hungary, Rumania and Yugoslavia would be assets of most promising material.

Such a federation based on the life-line of the Danube and on the shores of the Baltic and Adriatic Seas, would have every chance to avoid the blunders of the old dual monarchy and to develop an economic and political life more harmonious and happy than did the Habsburgs. This federation could and indeed must collaborate closely with Russia. One of the greatest disasters of the post-war period was the exclusion of Russia from the economic framework of the world. Russia's retreat from the world market was felt for the twenty years of the *Zwischenkrieg* period. Russia must be included again into the economic framework of Europe and the federation of Eastern European states would be the best medium and intermediary between Russia and Western Europe.

In all those plans and programmes the help of this country and of the United States would be essential. Not only the material help in carrying out the work of reconstruction but above all the moral help, the wise and steady influence of this country which must be constantly felt in Eastern Europe to educate that area politically. Great Britain must impart her great political wisdom and knowledge, her manners and her style of life to the peoples of Eastern Europe which should not look to this country in vain for a real political leadership.

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THE WAR AT SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

IN his speech in Parliament on August 6 the Lord Privy Seal said that we could look back on the last two months of the war in the Atlantic with reasonable satisfaction, for, though the enemy had put more U Boats into service, our own output of anti-submarine craft had begun to make itself felt; with the result that convoys had been more strongly defended, losses had been inflicted on the submarines, and the enemy had tended to range further afield; and the further the enemy can be driven to operate from the congested area of approach to the Kingdom the less targets will be encountered. The attacks appear to be taking place at a greater distance into the Western Atlantic and in the southerly part of the route from the Cape and South America: one, of considerable violence, was made on a big south-bound convoy, in which the enemy claimed to have sunk 140,000 tons, a figure which, Mr. Attlee said, was an exaggeration of at least 350, and possibly even 700, per cent. Even however if there has been this exaggeration, neither 40,000 nor 20,000 tons is a negligible figure, to be looked on with complacency. They show the need still further to increase the strength of the escorts. The prospects of such strengthening are encouraged by the news from Canada of the truly remarkable developments of the Royal Canadian Navy. Canada, who began the war with a diminutive navy of 13 small vessels and 1774 officers and men, now commands the services of 250 vessels and a personnel of 22,000, and these are employed as far afield as the Caribbean Sea, the North Atlantic and the European waters. Besides this, her shipbuilding programme has included the construction of no less than 70 of those useful little vessels, the corvettes, of which 60 were for the Canadian and 10 for the British Navy, 60 mine sweepers, and a large number of other small craft. Nor is this all that she has contributed to the defence at sea. Her troops have furnished reinforcements for the defence of Iceland, of Newfoundland and the West Indies, and her 40 shipbuilding and repairing yards are producing merchant ships. These are efforts which should not go unnoticed in this country; they are harbingers of even greater things and they show the awakening of the maritime spirit of that great Dominion.

As the increase takes place in the anti-submarine forces it brings with it a reduction in the losses of our shipping and an increase in the toll of submarines. It is therefore natural that the enemy should begin to doubt whether his so-called blockade of these islands is going to produce the results that have been promised to his people and threatened, over the wireless, to our own. One of the lessons of the submarine campaign of the last war was that the small surface craft, when in sufficient numbers and properly used—that is to say in convoys—was the master of the submarine. Once the convoys were in working order and adequately guarded the underwater vessel ceased to be the unit she had hitherto been; a unit capable of independent and unsupported action. So it is to-day, and the pressure which the Axis Powers are putting upon France to place her West African ports openly at their disposal is in part due to the need to support the submarine operations with surface craft. Strong surface forces operating from Dakar and Casablanca would be able to fall upon those convoys if defended only by sloops and corvettes, and wipe out the defenders and the convoy. In those ports, too, they would not be exposed to the attacks which have certainly injured the two battlecruisers at Brest, and it is to be hoped the heavy cruisers there as well. One problem however would have to be solved—that of the supplies of the big ships in fuel, stores and munitions. To meet these needs, a safe passage of these goods from their sources to the African ports would have to be created; hence in part the desires for the capture of the oil fields, the opening of the Dardanelles, and the rendering untenable of the anchorage at Gibraltar. Spain's active help, or her passive acquiescence in the passage of a German army through the Peninsula for the bombardment or capture of the Rock, has been ardently sought, and doubtless would have been granted long ago but for the blockade which would promptly have descended upon her ports. We must expect to see this pressure reapplied as soon as conditions in the Russian campaign admit. If Gibraltar could be denied to our fleet the defence of the South Atlantic routes against heavy submarine and air attacks from Dakar would be rendered difficult. Dakar is a key point of outstanding importance and the fiasco of last September, of which one of the causes appears to have been the absence of any clear instructions from the Admiralty, cannot be too deeply deplored.*

The repeated bombings of the battlecruisers in Brest, though

*Cf. *Fortnightly*, November, 1940, p. 503.

they have not succeeded in destroying these ships, have had the valuable effect of disabling them and so keeping them off the trade routes since the end of March. The submarines have thus been deprived of their support. Evidently, however, one of them, the *Scharnhorst*, was repaired sufficiently to get to sea and go down to La Pallice to avoid further attack, possibly, or to start upon another sally. But her move was observed. She was again attacked in the southern port and once more was hit, with results, apparently, sufficiently extensive to oblige her to return to Brest for repair. There she arrived on July 21, and there she has since remained. So long as this damage can be repeated, and these two great ships prevented from reaching Dakar, that port loses much of its value; for though submarines would be advantageously placed there for operations against the Atlantic routes there seems good reason to believe that those craft are already using the African ports, and, provided the escorting forces at our disposal can be adequately increased, the menace of the unsupported submarine attack should be kept in hand and eventually defeated. But there are also the aircraft. To them the use of Dakar would be considerable. We have seen in the recent running fight in the Mediterranean how serious a massed attack from the air can be even when a convoy is as strongly defended as that convoy was. It is probably too much to expect that every South Atlantic convoy could be as strongly protected, and losses would follow.

That sea and air attack of July 21 and the following days had some very interesting features. One by-product of the convoy system is its influence in bringing on a major battle. It was so in the First Dutch War; the battles of Anson and Hawke in 1747 were attacks on convoys; the "Glorious First of June" was the result of an attempt to intercept a great French convoy; and, but for some unfortunate delay in getting information of the movement of the High Sea Fleet in April, 1918, that fleet would in all probability have been brought to action by a vastly superior Grand Fleet when it made its sally with the object of intercepting a Norwegian convoy protected by a comparatively weak British battleship squadron. So the movement of a large and important convoy is a major operation of the first order, demanding a preparation and a co-operation of all arms as complete as that of military advances like those of General Wavell in the Western desert. Those advances were preceded by air attacks on the enemy's airfields, disabling to a great extent his air forces and so clearing the way for the

troops. We should expect to see a similar preparation for the movement of a convoy. It is not clear whether the air forces which attacked an Italian convoy off Pantellaria on July 22 had been sent out to take part in the movement of the British convoy and "happened" upon the Italian ships; but it is to be observed that a strong air attack was made, six days after the convoy battle, upon the airfields in Sicily, in which 34 enemy machines were destroyed and others damaged. Such an operation immediately preceding the passage of the convoy through "Bomb Alley" would seem to be an essential element in the protective system. The loss of the destroyer Fearless is an indication of the need for taking every possible step for the co-operation of the sea and air forces in these movements.

But the want—if indeed want there was—of a complete co-operation between the two arms of the sea-fighting forces is a trifle compared with the total absence of any co-operation whatever between the Italian heavy, light and air forces in that attack. It is impossible to imagine that the Italian staff could have been unaware that the convoy had passed Gibraltar or of the strength of its escorting ships. Yet, though there were almost certainly at least three Italian battleships fit for the sea, and some heavy and light cruisers, none put to sea to take part in the attack upon the inferior force of British surface ships. This diffidence is difficult to understand unless the High Command of the Italian Navy has as little confidence in its efficiency as it had during the late war when nothing would induce the fleet to move from Taranto to Venice unless it was felt that the short voyage could be made without risk of meeting the inferior force of the Austrian fleet. The same reluctance to bring a British squadron to action was displayed on the occasion of Admiral Somerville's bombardment of Genoa when again no effort was made to intercept or cut off his ships, though their strength must have been known. On paper the Italian forces won a great victory on July 22 and the days following. Their communiqué announced the sinking of 70,000 tons of transports and two naval units, the damage of another ten ships including a battleship and the destruction of 21 aircraft. The actual British loss was the destroyer Fearless and six aircraft and damage to one transport. This tendency to exaggeration appears to have assumed the proportions of a disease with the Italian command. It is a dangerous disease, as it helps to undermine morale in the fleet itself as well as to destroy confidence in the public mind from which it is impossible permanently to conceal the facts.

The situation in the Far East hangs in the balance at the time of writing. France has thrown in her hand in Indo-China and, to all intents and purposes, given her rich colony—the richest in those seas—to Japan. It is within the bounds of possibility that this has been done without great regret in some circles with the hope of compensation elsewhere. Admiral Castex, the able writer on naval strategy who was the head of the combined war college analogous to our Imperial Defence College, writing ten years ago on the relation between naval strategy and the French colonial Empire,* deplored the scattering of France's forces and urged the exchange of Indo-China for some territory in Africa, whereby greater concentration of effort would become possible. "Who will relieve us of Indo China?" he asked, and answered his own question by recommending that it should be traded with Great Britain for Nigeria "which is also highly valuable and is disagreeably interposed between our Western and Equatorial Africa, between Chad and the Gulf of Guinea." The Admiral possibly now holds a high place in the Councils of Marshal Pétain in virtue of the important position he held and his deservedly high reputation as a thinker, and thus it may well be that we should be prepared to expect demands upon our West African colonies as the reward of France for her subservience to Berlin.

In the meantime powerful reinforcements have reached our own Far Eastern possessions and Singapore is strongly held against the next move that may come from Saigon and Camranh Bay. But we shall do well to bear in mind that no fortress, however strongly it may be fortified and garrisoned, will survive if it is isolated; if its external communications are cut indefinitely. Gibraltar held out for three years but only because powerful British fleets threw in reinforcements and supplies on three separate occasions. The reason for the base at Singapore is to enable a fleet to operate in the Eastern seas. It is a sentry box. A sentry box without a sentry exercises no influence, and the sentry that is needed at Singapore is a fleet which can protect the shipping in the Indian and Pacific Oceans and oppose the movement of an army across the sea to Australia or India or the Dutch East Indies. The sooner, therefore, a fleet superior to that of the Eastern would-be aggressor makes its appearance at Singapore the better for the prospects of peace and the security of those whose possessions and liberty are now threatened.

* *Théories Stratégiques*, vol III, p. 408, *passim*.

A FRENCH SOLDIER ESCAPED

By B. S. TOWNROE

"Jean Lacombe" is serving with the Free French Forces somewhere in Europe, Asia or Africa. He has left behind the MSS. which he wrote on arriving in this country after he had succeeded in escaping from a German prison camp situated in Eastern France. I have been allowed to read, and to quote from, this diary of varied adventure over a period of seven months between July 1940 and the New Year of 1941.

That portion of his story which gives the actual names of places visited, or may indicate the identity of those gallant Frenchmen or Frenchwomen who helped him at the risk of their own liberty, must obviously be suppressed. Nor would it be wise to publish such details as might make it more difficult for others to escape in the future. I am, however, giving as much information as is permissible in war time, and am basing the story, as far as possible, on his own words.

J EAN was captured by German soldiers on the afternoon of June 21, 1940. He and his comrades were marched under a strong guard along the road which leads to Nancy. Although he is extremely careful in his diary not to give away any military secrets, the date and the locality suggest that he may well have been one of the gallant Frenchmen, who, in spite of the broadcast of Marshal Pétain on June 17 telling the French troops to cease fighting, continued to resist the advancing German armies. Possibly he may have been one of those who fought on in the Maginot Line. At any rate, his diary reveals him to be a man of infinite resource and resolution, refusing to be daunted by sufferings and troubles which would have induced any ordinary man to surrender.

Jean and his comrades were first confined in a meadow called *Le Boeuf*, where they remained for four days and four nights without any shelter, without even a tree under which they could seek protection from the torrential rain. The field was surrounded by barbed wire, and guarded at strong points by German soldiers with machine guns. The French soldiers lay there in the mud and slush, shivering with cold and—surprising as it may seem in the German Army reputed to be so efficient—were not provided with any food of any kind. There

were at least five thousand men herded together in this Prisoners of War Camp, and all they had to eat was such remains of their rations as they had preserved. They had to lie on top of one another in order to try and keep warm. In any case they were packed so tight that they could not avoid touching each other. It is easy to imagine what must have been the physical and mental state of these men after four days, without adequate food and without shelter or proper sanitation.

On the fifth day a rumour ran round the camp that the Germans were bringing up something to eat and Jean writes in his diary:—"For a little food we would willingly have forgotten that we were wet through and that we lay in the mud." The food turned out to be captured French biscuits, but it would have needed a miracle to make the inadequate supplies go round so many prisoners. For the next three days each man was given daily only three biscuits.

Finally, at the end of a week, they were told that the camp was regarded as purely temporary, as the German army had been taken by surprise, and that they were about to be taken to a properly organized camp. They set off one morning to march to their new prison, closely guarded by German soldiers. The French prisoners of war were so weak and exhausted after the scarcity of food and the harshness of the weather, that they had the greatest difficulty in walking some fifteen miles to a small town, where they were marched into two hangars, which had been used before the war either as a munition factory or as a munition store. In the one hangar two thousand men, and in the other, three thousand men, were confined and outside there was the inevitable barbed wire fence, and beyond this the guards of German soldiers, who in this case were using French machine guns.

The five thousand men were later on the evening of arrival paraded before the Commandant of the camp, who warned them that he intended to insist on absolute discipline. At the end of his speech he reminded the men that he came from the Rhineland, and that as the French had shown themselves to be very harsh and wicked during the occupation of the Ruhr, he proposed to take his revenge.

The hangars had been hit in air raids during the fighting in May, and the roofs were, therefore, full of holes from which spouts of water descended on the unfortunate prisoners below. The floors of the hangars were made of cement, and only the few lucky men who first arrived were able to find planks of

wood, from which they constructed ready-made beds. The other soldiers occupied themselves plucking grass outside the hangars in the hope of providing something to soften the hardness of the cement floor, on which they tried to sleep during the night.

At sunset a small cup of soup was swallowed in a few seconds, and after that the great sliding doors were closed in front of the hangars for the night. From sunset till daybreak the men were not allowed to leave the buildings, and the sanitary conditions when they were opened the next morning were indescribable.

A rule of the camp was that prisoners of war must salute all German officers. The penalty for not doing so was three days with a restricted diet of bread and water. As the ordinary diet was only a small loaf of bread which had to last two days, with a little grain cooked in water and some dried peas, the men, notwithstanding their bitter feelings, were not prepared to have even this inadequate diet reduced, and never forgot to salute.

In a few days' time there were many suffering from stomach troubles, and out of the two thousand prisoners in one hangar, eighteen hundred had dysentery. But even so, no-one was allowed to leave the hangar during the night. Every day ambulances full of sick men went to the hospital of Commercy, but it was necessary to be very ill to be taken to hospital. No wonder Jean writes, "At the end of a month of such existence, with vermin added to our troubles, we were no longer men but, in fact, had become human rags."

From time to time a few men were sent away, but it was not until the middle of September that it was decided to close down this camp, and to distribute the prisoners elsewhere. Jean was sent to a camp which had been military barracks, and then had been turned into a war hospital. Here conditions were much better. The men had rooms with roofs which did not leak. There were kitchens and shower baths, and even a canteen. They were able to make beds of wire slung between four posts, and were provided with palliasses. Discipline was easier, and the men passed their time playing Bridge and other games. The food was not bad but very insufficient and, of course, without the money which the prisoners were forbidden to receive, they could not buy from the canteen. "It was necessary," wrote Jean, "to be contented with looking at the food, which was so much the worse for our hunger. I have seen some prisoners who, like rag-pickers with hooks, searched daily for

morsels of bread left among the kitchen refuse." He decided that he would not remain in what was called "a model prisoners' camp," and he commenced to work out a most ingenious plan of escape. It would not be fair to others to give the details of the plan, for it might suggest to those responsible for the existing prison camps, in which there are upwards of 1,800,000 French prisoners of war, what further precautions they might take to prevent similar escapes. It has to be remembered that there is a good chance that every word printed in a British periodical, whether it be a parish magazine, a school magazine, or a review, may in time be carefully examined by the German Intelligence staff. Accordingly, I pass over that part of his diary in which Jean describes in detail how one night he was able to slip through the German sentries, and creep under the barbed wire fence.

Within a few seconds he found himself a free man, and ran as hard as he could to a small wood, without being stopped by the sentries, and without a single shot being fired. He lay for a few minutes to recover his breath, and then decided to walk all night so as to try and place as long a distance as possible between the camp and himself. Jean had no map, no compass and no sense of direction. His resolution was to walk on and on, no matter where, and in spite of the many obstacles.

It had been raining for some days past, and the wood was very wet, so that from time to time he was up to his ankles in mud, and progress was slow owing to the brambles. After about an hour he found himself in open country. He continued to march on, jumping over ditches and scaling banks. At a small village he searched to try and find a signpost in order to discover where he was, but he could see nothing and did not dare to go into the village, as light was still filtering through windows, showing that everyone was not asleep. He knew that if he was caught by the German, whom he could dimly see on guard down the village street he would be arrested, as he had no authorization to be out at night, and therefore he descended quickly down a narrow field path running between gardens. Here a dog started to bark, and he hurried on as this place seemed too dangerous.

The pathway led to the railway line and his hopes rose of finding some truck into which he could climb and hide away, but he soon had to abandon such an idea, for the rails were rusted, and evidently this line had long been out of service. He pushed on along the railway line, but in the dark stumbled over the sleepers, and therefore decided to leave the railway and to

follow a narrow country lane which led through a wood. Here he found a signpost, but the district was entirely unknown to him, and he had never heard of some of the little villages marked. So he took the first road that he could find, trusting in Providence, and though he was tired out went on and on until, after four hours, he found himself on the outskirts of the same little village where the dog had barked soon after his escape. He had evidently walked in a circle, and was only about a mile from the prison camp!

He dared not go further for fear of passing the camp and being recognized wearing a mixture of clothes, partly military, partly civil. He was so tired that he felt he must sleep and accordingly he climbed into a little barn, the door of which was fastened with a piece of string. In the dark he hit his shins on the various agricultural machines and wagons, but at last found some hay under a cart and rested there. He curled up in the hope of sleep but was not able to close his eyes. It was icy cold and his teeth were chattering. Rats and bats were all round, and every few minutes he heard a rattle of machine gun fire, reminding him that the hated camp was near at hand. He heard the church clock strike 2 a.m. He had left the camp about 9 p.m. and after five hours' hard walking, was less than a mile away! The hours went by slowly, and then he saw the first light of day showing through the joints of the door. It was about seven o'clock in the morning, and he felt that unless he obtained civilian clothing his chances of freedom were slight.

He walked towards the village, when only fifty yards away he saw the back of a German sentry. There was no time for reflection. He must hide at once. On his left there was a little cottage, and through the window he saw a mother getting her children ready to go to school. He knocked on the door and soon the key turned and the door opened.

Imagine the position! The country occupied by German soldiers, a peasant woman alone with her babies, and suddenly in front of her, a man, half soldier, half civilian, dirty, with mud up to his knees! Jean stammered out, "Escaped prisoner!" and immediately she asked him to come in. She gave him a large bowl of coffee and several slices of bread and butter. The children, who at first were frightened, gathered round Jean asking question after question, about the Germans, about food, about his escape. After he had fed, this woman, who was risking so much for her fellow-countryman, gave him an old velvet coat and a peasant's hat, and he left her looking like an agri-

cultural labourer. He said "Good-bye," promising to let her know if he ever arrived in Paris.

It would not be discreet to indicate here how later that day he obtained a map, so as to guide his journey, or exactly the route he took, or the towns which he visited, but his diary of the next week or so shows how Frenchmen and Frenchwomen went out of their way, at the risk of their lives and freedom, to help him in the most generous and gallant way.

As he tramped along the roads, thinking that he was quite secure and well disguised, he saw various country people whispering at their door-steps as he went by, and smiling at him, for they had noticed that he was not a local man. The German soldiers whom he passed, of course, were not able to spot the difference.

At one village he met a mother walking with her little daughter, who gave him not only food and wine, but also filled his pockets with reserve supplies. At another village, as soon as the man of the house learned that he was an escaped soldier, he gave him a good supper of soup, two eggs, ham, cold meat and a bed. He slept until eight o'clock on the next day and rose very stiff and weary, but went on furnished with a map of the new Department which he was entering. In one small town he walked with his head erect before the German Commandant, and watched soldiers and officers crowding in every shop buying up the stocks with their paper money.

At the next village he found that Italian bombers had worked their evil way and the buildings were in ruins, with corpses mixed with *débris*. There was a dead body of a soldier with his head lying against the monument erected to the memory of those who fell in the war of 1914. But although the houses were wrecked, the roads were cleared and clean, for the Germans had made the local inhabitants carry out a complete road clearance so that their convoys might not be delayed.

One day Jean walked until at nightfall he could go no further, and stopped at a very poor hovel in which there were two old folk living. They gave him all they had, some soup, two eggs, and a little cheese, and in the morning he insisted on giving some money out of his scanty purse. He kept fifty-five francs in case of need and started off once more.

The road was marked "Nach Paris," but his legs were more and more heavy, and it was pouring with rain. At last he could go no further, so he took refuge in a little hut used by woodcutters, and there took off all his clothes and wrung out the wet. He lay there shivering, not daring to light a fire, although

there was a stove and some wood, for German vehicles were passing ceaselessly on the road. When the rain stopped he dressed and carried on.

He learned by chance from another wayfarer that at the next town there was a stern German control, and that only those who had a special *laisser-passer* were allowed to enter the town. Accordingly he had to by-pass the town by paths through the woods. His reserves of food were by now exhausted, and in the next village he was compelled to enter a little restaurant, as he was famished. As he walked in he was aghast to find it full of German soldiers who were noisily eating. He sat at a small table and asked for something to eat, as if he were a local workman. He then enquired from the proprietor where was the *lavabo*, so as to wash his hands, and on that excuse left the room and whispered that he had escaped and would be grateful if he could be given a map of the Department. As soon as the proprietor heard of this he served him a meal in a little back room and, in place of the omelette, which was the *plât du jour* in the regular restaurant, gave him a large beefsteak, and coffee mixed with rum. In return, the proprietor asked for no money, but simply that he should be sent a postcard of Paris on his arrival.

After this good meal he went on his way gaily, for the sun was shining. Again he had good luck, for about three miles along the road he saw a loaded waggon and asked for a lift. The driver immediately said:—

"I am not going far. I stop a few miles on, but as I guess you are an escaped soldier, you would do me great pleasure to come to my house and stop there for a day or two. It won't do you any harm to have a good rest."

Jean was surprised at this rapid recognition, and the man answered that for anyone who came from that country it was not difficult to suspect that a stranger, walking along the road at a good speed and not stopping, was probably escaping.

"You are not the only one," he added. "It is very rare if a week passes without me seeing brave peasants or workmen marching along a good deal too quickly, with an air that is, perhaps, too sincere."

Jean was received at this man's home with open arms and fed well and rested. Indeed, that evening in his honour various *aperitifs* were served after supper, when they talked over the tragic capitulation of France. He was told how certain houses in the town had been set on fire in June by the advance guard of the German invaders. They arrived late at night,

and found it apparently very comic to see the inhabitants in their night clothes rushing out of their homes, and roared with laughter. The local Mayor collected volunteers to put out the fires, but this was stopped and he was tied to a tree so that he could watch the spectacle of his town in flames. Jean remarks dryly in his diary, "You can understand, as I did, that the people of this locality do not greatly love the German boot."

He only stayed there one night, and in the morning went on refreshed with a further reserve supply of food and a little bottle of brandy. The next town had almost entirely been demolished by German bombs, but here he ran into a German control. He watched what was happening, and noticed that some civilians passed without showing their papers at all and others only pretended to look for them in some pocket. He decided to take the risk. After all, he thought, every German soldier cannot possess the list of all escaped prisoners. So he walked up to the sentry with his heart beating, wondering whether he would be caught and eventually shot. He showed his *permis de conduire*. The sentry looked at the photograph and then told him to go on. Actually the authority was for Paris only, but fortunately the sentry could not read French.

That evening Jean reached a larger town, where he was given magnificent hospitality by the Mayor, who provided him not only with a bed, but the use of a bathroom. Next day he heard that the railway line was not far away, and that trains were going in the direction of Paris. He still had fifty-five francs left in his pocket, and at least three days' journey on foot in front of him. Jean plucked up his courage and walked to the station, where he took a ticket for Paris. This cost exactly fifty francs. When the train arrived, he climbed into an antique compartment which had been brought back into use, as the good rolling-stock had been taken away by the Germans. Eventually he arrived at least five hours late in Paris, but full of joy to have succeeded in going so far without capture. Soon he walked out of the Metro and through the almost deserted streets until he came to a well known block of flats where a close relative lived.

There he stopped for several months, watching the Parisians slowly recovering from the bewilderment which followed the Armistice, and beginning to realize that though France was crushed, betrayed and defeated, she was still not finally conquered. He saw something of the shooting of French students and scholars during the demonstration on the Place de l'Etoile in Paris on Armistice Day, 1940. He heard many stories of

the shooting of individuals for sabotage in the factories. He was told of industrialists who were only delivering twenty-five per cent. instead of seventy-five per cent. of their manufactured goods to the Germans. Above all, he learned of the daily escapes of men to join the Free French Forces. Some went in small boats to English ports and others fled across Spain. Jean listened to the B.B.C. at 8.15 p.m. and heard the broadcasts of General de Gaulle, calling on any Frenchman, wherever he be, to raise his head. These were the General's stirring words:—

We are at the beginning of a long, lasting, active and passive effort. This effort will be intense. This effort will extend and grow from day to day. This effort will lead to the liberation of the crushed Fatherlands and to the restoration of freedom in Europe.

From now onwards our arms are again engaged in the combat.

To me, true Frenchmen of France!

Little by little Jean realized that France was not lost, and that Great Britain was still resisting with will unbroken in spite of air bombardments. In November, 1940, he and his friends appreciated that the Battle of Britain was a victory for the British, and that the British Government was behind General de Gaulle and the Free French.

"France is not alone," declared the General, as he unfolded the banner of the Cross of Lorraine, the Cross of Jeanne d'Arc. "The French Empire is arising to carry on the war," he then announced on the wireless, "A few infamous politicians are delivering up the Empire of France. Be prepared! Stand to your arms!"

These words inspired Jean and thousands like him. He had to bide his time, and to prepare his plans for leaving Paris and attempting the perilous journey to London.

At last in December, 1940, he seized his opportunity to join General de Gaulle. He and a companion travelled for over three weeks from Occupied Paris to Free England. This part of his adventures, like that of some of his travels during June, cannot yet be published. But Jean is a man who, in the midst of defeat and confusion, was determined with a will of iron to overcome all difficulties in order that he might continue to fight against Nazi domination. He reached London. Now he is one of that heroic army of Frenchmen who, having given up everything, relatives in France, old friendships and loyalties, and possessions, are our Allies on the side of the forces of freedom.

THE LIBERATORS

BY JOSEPH BRADDOCK

NOW see the metal swarms that take the air,
Avenging Death, like gnats across the moon—
(Vision da Vinci could not have foreseen
Who lived, though forerunner, too soon.)
Upon such Titan contests in the air,
For all their total load of woe,
Depends our cause, a closer world, the Europe still to be.
This flower, our pride, few thousands of young men,
Anonymous knights of shining wing,
With Blenheim bomber, fighter Hurricane,
Wellington, Hampden, Fulmar, Skua,
By Spitfire roaring through the dark or blue,
Shall crush the evil Terror, hate and lies :
By marvellous prowess of the hero's plane,
By master aeronautics in the skies
Shall fettered countries be created new.
What of the brave who never will return
To know the fine foundations where they built ?
Their essence shall achieve a purer sphere
While Death is not inimical to good.

Fire over England ! cavernous flash and whine
Of shell and bullet, crash of bombs, sweat, pain,
The falling constellations, terror sown
In town and village, London's long ordeal,
But weld the nation to a will of steel.
Never shone London lovelier than to-day,
Immense, undaunted London ! Nobleness
Walks in her streets, in children, slender girls,
Determined women and tough-fibred men,
In secret deeds of courage with that ride
To Hackney Marsh carrying the live bomb
That snuggled the foundations of Saint Paul's
Paling the ride from Ghent to Aix ! And still
Wren's lofty dome above the City shines,

Ethereal symbol of their aspiration,
Remembrancer of what they learned to do.

How make for all a fitting elegy
Who take the brunt of arrogant hate and scorn,
Envy and greed and bestial cruelty,
Murderous inhumanity,
The victims, the defenceless, the naked ones?
The blinded, the deafened, made dumb, made witless,
In London, by Mersey, in Coventry or Plymouth?
In city, town and village they have watched
Their dearest treasures wrecked, their loved ones slain
In streets down which they took the dog a walk.
They have lain in bed, with night succeeding night,
And heard the droning of the fateful planes
Closer, closer,—groaning away at last—
Returning to the sudden crump of bombs
Somewhere, here, there—while peaceful houses shook
And dust, unseen, was settling; freely breathed
Till the next night, and worked with sleepless eyes.

These died for Freedom that the soul might live.
These died to guard the dignity of man,
Defenceless died, no weapons in their hands,
Without distinction of their sex or years,
Man, woman, child. Many in terror died
Crazed in the noise and horror; some in homes
Unworthy of them, built to be their graves,
Ignorant of what destruction signified
As babies who had known no other world.
They died to keep man's Godlike reason free.

OXFORD IN THE 'SEVENTIES

BY MARGARET L. WOODS

THOSE who only know 20th Century Oxford are like those who have only seen a once famous beauty in a stout and red-faced old age. Oxford is no more "the city of dreaming spires," set in that characteristic English landscape whose loveliness sinks into the soul rather than strikes on the eye. The grey city is now set in a wide perimeter of red brick. It is not the motor-car industry alone which has wrought the change. It is Oxford's fatal charm which has attracted to her a considerable population not connected with the University or the City: hence the spread of the suburbs.

When my father, G. G. Bradley, afterwards Dean of Westminster, came to Oxford in 1871, as Master of University College, University society consisted entirely of Heads of houses, Professors and their families. The Deanery of Christ Church was the centre of this society. Dean Liddell was very tall and carried his head high; Mrs. Liddell was comparatively short and stout. Now the main streets of Oxford being called "The High" and "The Broad," some University wag put this distich into the mouth of Mrs. Liddell:

I am the Broad, and he is the High,
We are the Universit-Y.

About this date Fellows of Colleges became free to marry and the first to take advantage of the relaxation of the monastic rule formed a remarkable group of friends. The Humphry Wards, the Creightons—the brilliant man who later became Bishop of London, and his gifted wife; Arthur Acland, who somewhat later entered Parliament, and his charming spouse; Walter Pater, who did not marry but took a house near the Wards for himself and his sisters. Then there were the Arthur Johnsons, she a leading woman in the cause of Women's University Education and Charity Organization, afterwards the first and much-loved Head of the Unattached women students. Arthur Johnson, a good and popular History tutor, was also an all round sportsman who hunted, shot and fished. Every summer he went to Norway for salmon fishing; and returned

from his holiday very tired, as at that season there is practically no night in Norway and he was apt to fish the clock round. There was, and perhaps still is, a pool there called Johnson's pool. On one occasion while he was fishing there, a fine salmon swallowed his hook and then made off round a headland, where it sulked. He jumped into the water and carrying his rod in his mouth swam round the headland and caught his fish, whether by the usual means or in his arms, I do not know. The Sporting Don was a healthy type now extinct in the University, because the class from which he came, that of the smaller country gentry, is extinct.

Andrew Lang frequented this circle. He had an indolent manner, owing to which, in our house we called him "Mr. Languid," and said he was always too tired to shake hands.

Mrs. Humphry Ward was the daughter of Dr. Arnold's eldest son "Tom," who, after migrating from country to country, and from Church to Church, had settled in Oxford as a private tutor. As a School Inspector in Australia Tom Arnold had been a strong Protestant, until, one day on his return from a professional tour, he had informed his wife that he had been received into The Roman Catholic Church. He then migrated to Dublin, where he appeared to be well rooted; when, as suddenly as he had joined it, he left the Church of his adoption and went to Oxford. He had been there some years, and my father, and other friends were hopefully seeking for him a post in the University, when one day a little daughter of his was met crying in the road. On being asked her trouble, she sobbed:—"Papa has changed his religion again." Tom Arnold was once more a Roman Catholic. This third religious *volte face* completely nullified the efforts of his friends to improve his position.

Humphry Ward, Fellow of Brasenose, had offered to teach Tom Arnold's eldest daughter, Mary, Latin and had fallen in love with his pupil; but hesitated to marry her, fearing to injure his career. Fortunately for that career, Love won the day, for some good fairy had concealed a fountain of gold in the dowerless maiden's pen. Mrs. Humphry Ward was a handsome young woman, with an elegant figure, a creamy complexion, long black hair and beautiful hands. She was always well, even when æsthetically dressed, at a date when the æsthetic craze was at its height and most Oxford ladies trailed about in cheap home-made versions of the gorgeous dresses of sixteenth century noblewomen. She did not write a novel until her husband left Oxford, to join the staff of *The Times*. It was

Robert Elsmere that made her fame and fortune. To the present generation it may seem incredible that a novel, dealing with the religious doubts of a clergyman, should have had an immense popular success, but so it was. The ideas it expressed were new to a large public, which was keenly interested in religious questions: to the intelligentsia they were not. The novels which followed attracted a host of readers and the best of these later books was probably *Helbeck of Bannisdale* which is still read and enjoyed, especially by Northumbrians. The Wards bought a charming place in Hertfordshire and there, as well as in their London house, they always welcomed affectionately their old Oxford friends.

In the early 'Seventies another authoress came to live in Oxford whose novels, different indeed from *Robert Elsmere*, equalled it in their sales. This was Rhoda Broughton. How fleeting is modern literary fame! To-day Rhoda Broughton's novels are never opened, but it gave me pleasure to find *The Times* in 1940 dedicating an article to her Centenary. The writer, however, was mistaken in saying that it was the love-scenes in her novels which attracted the young of my period. It was the wit and humour which we found in them. But Rhoda the woman was far wittier than Rhoda Broughton the writer. Moreover she had an acquaintance with all that is finest in our literature, of which in her books only occasional quotations give a hint. Her tall well-dressed figure and stately carriage brought an air of Bond Street into our little Oxford Holywell. Yet not precisely Bond Street, for Rhoda always remained the County Lady—a Broughton of Broughton, in Cheshire. She and her kind sister, Eleanor Newcome, took Number 27, Holywell—one of those old houses which, happily, still stand, Holywell being the last of the charming old streets once characteristic of Oxford. Even to-day only the New College buildings, new in the 'Seventies, interrupt its lovely line of old roofs. It was my luck on my marriage to inhabit Number 28; a charming old house, now parcelled out in consulting-rooms for doctors. It was next door to Rhoda Broughton's and the reception she gave me was generous: generous because someone had told her, quite untruthfully, that my mother had refused to call on her, saying that no one with young daughters ought to do so. In fact, my mother was care-laden and busy and had not considered the matter at all.

Should anyone read a novel of Rhoda Broughton's to day, it would appear ludicrous that they were once considered "improper": but so it was and Rhoda had been shamefully

treated by some other Oxford ladies. She had dined at the house of a bachelor Head of a College and when the ladies left the dining room, a leading old woman had taken all of them, except Rhoda, to sit in a bedroom rather than share the drawing-room with her. For my own part some of the most delightful hours of my early married life were spent in the drawing-room and garden of Number 27 Holywell, chuckling over Rhoda's witticisms or hearing her read aloud poetry or prose. It was under her lilacs in flower that she read me those heartrending letters of Esther Vanhomrigh ("Vanessa") to Swift which suggested to me the writing of my novel *Esther Vanhomrigh*. She sent the manuscript of my first novel, *A Village Tragedy*, to her publisher, Bentley, after one publisher had rejected it as "too gloomy." I am glad to say it justified her recommendation for it at once attracted attention, was immediately translated into French and favourably reviewed by a well known critic in the *Journal des Débats*.

The most enduringly famous of the Oxford writers of that date was Lewis Carroll, author of *Alice in Wonderland*. His real name was Dodgson, and he was a Senior Student, that is a Fellow, of Christ Church, where he lived a secluded life in his college rooms. He had formerly been intimate with the family of Dean Liddell, the Head of his college, and the story of Alice had been first told to the Liddell children. When the Alice of his tale had grown into a lovely girl, he asked, in old-world fashion, her father's permission to pay his addresses to her. The Dean might reasonably have refused his permission, on the ground of the girl's youth and inexperience, and the discrepancy in age between her and their friend. But Dean Liddell, whose manner was always haughty, rebuffed Mr. Dodgson's appeal in so offensive a way, that all intercourse between them ceased. It is an awkward situation for a Fellow of a College not to be on speaking terms with his Head. Mr. Dodgson now took up photography, but here also he found a snag. He invited a very little girl to be photographed, and took her almost unclothed. Her mother shrieked at the impropriety of this. No wonder the sensitive man of genius became propriety-stricken. Hence the unsatisfactoriness of my own contacts with him. When I was fifteen he expressed a wish to photograph me, and invited my mother to bring me to lunch in his rooms. Their lunch-time conversation was not amusing and, as manners for school-girls then enjoined, I remained silent. The resulting photograph represented a self-conscious young lady, sitting bolt upright in her chair, with

a forced smile on her face. My only tête-à-tête with him, about a year later, was still more unfortunate. I met him at Reading station, where I was changing for Oxford. He was seated in a first-class carriage, and found that I was alone, and travelling third-class. This horrified him; not quite so unreasonably as we thought, for there were traps set for young girls on journeys, of which my innocent mother was as ignorant as myself. I got into an empty compartment, and to my embarrassment, Mr. Dodgson left his first-class carriage and joined me there. Seating himself at the farthest end to myself, he put arithmetical puzzles to me during the rest of the journey. My education had been neglected, and not being interested in arithmetic, I never learned more than was necessary for keeping accounts. Consequently I could not solve one of his conundrums, and he doubtless concluded me to be a stupid girl, for he took no further notice of me.

I have spoken of the æsthetic craze. This is an unfair name for what has also been called an English Renaissance, if one of appreciation rather than of creation; although Burne Jones was a fine draftsman, and William Morris transformed the furniture and decoration of our houses. He also founded "The Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings." Ruskin was the source of this movement. Before his advent, the arts had occupied little place in Victorian culture. Both by his books and by his personal influence as Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, Ruskin inspired a passion for Italian art, especially that of the hitherto neglected pre-Raphaelites. He founded an Art School at Oxford which still bears his name: but as a practical teacher of painting he did not excel, for he made us begin at the wrong end. Before we could really draw, he set us to stipple in the lights, shades and reflections on a porcelain jar, or to paint every feather of a dead bird. My work pleased him, and once, when I was painting alone in the school, he brought out, to show me, a series of beautiful water-colour studies, which he had made of the capitals of columns in Saint Mark's. I have never seen them since, and do not think he left them in the School. He had a habit of giving paintings to the place he favoured at the moment, then taking them away and offering them to some fresh favourite. He did not live in Oxford, which he already considered "spoiled," but in Abingdon; nor was he to be met in Oxford society although he sometimes visited his old friend the Dean of Christ Church. As a lecturer he drew crowded audiences, but his last lecture was to me, who honoured him, a painful exhibition. Leaving his

own art aside, he ventured into the realm of music. He had recently heard Mendelssohn's anthem, *Oh, for the wings of a dove*, and proceeded to ridicule it. Not content with words, he danced and hopped about the space below the auditorium, waving his long black gown over his head to represent wings, and shouting a caricature of the anthem. The audience roared with laughter, which he took for applause, but I fear they laughed at, more than with him. Not long after this we were told he had lost his mental balance, and was receiving care in his own home. He recovered, but ceased to lecture, nor did I ever see him again.

If Ruskin created the Aesthetic movement, Oscar Wilde destroyed it by making it ridiculous. He wore clothes of colours as bright as could be procured in tweeds and having accompanied us to a fancy dress ball in a hired suit of plum-coloured velvet, purchased it and wore it in his College rooms.

It has been mentioned in a magazine article that I was frequently at his tea-parties, always, as the proprieties of the day demanded, accompanied by my mother. I was supposed to resemble the well-known portrait of Shelley, as to which we do not know whether it really resembled the poet. I was flattered by being told subsequently that he called these his "Beauty Parties." In the same article it was said, with truth, that I considered him a man of genius, and for this reason unpopular with other undergraduates, and accordingly championed him. The truth was I did not really like Oscar. What his morals at that time were I did not then and do not now know, but I felt for him that instinctive repugnance which quite innocent and ignorant girls sometimes feel for immoral men. I certainly shared Shelley's mania for championing people whom he called "persecuted," and I called "unpopular." It has more than once caused me trouble.

Oscar had not developed his peculiar vein of wit when at Oxford. His witticisms consisted mainly of commonplaces turned upside down, such as "I remember your name, but I forget your face." Neither then, nor later, was he equal to encounters with Rhoda Broughton who, as might have been expected, loathed him. The last time I met Oscar was at a Private View of the Royal Academy; he then said that he had lately come across Rhoda Broughton and found her tongue as bitter as ever; which meant, no doubt, that he had been as the French say, completely *roulé* by her lightning wit, to which he had no ready retort.

The Germans had a discreditable reason for admiring him

and I remember reading a German description of him which said that he was of "noble birth" (his father was a Dublin doctor) and "beautiful as Apollo." As a matter of fact, although tall, he was heavily built and with a particularly long, heavy jaw. His hair was mouse-coloured and stringy, so that I thought him mistaken in wearing it long, over his collar.

One funny little scene I remember at a Commemoration Ball at Magdalen College. He danced badly and we soon retired to a nook in the cloisters. When there, he turned his big round back on me and said, "isn't it sad for me, when I love beauty so much, to have a back like his?" I should have replied that "it was a byootiful back," or that "with a man like Mr. Wilde, no one would care what sort of a back he had"—instead of which I advised him to join the Volunteers, who would soon straighten it for him. After this, as can be imagined, a chill fell on us and we soon returned to the ball-room.

I have said that Oscar killed æstheticism because he caricatured it—as by standing an hour, in an early Florentine attitude, gazing at a flower. But these tricks were not so foolish as they appeared. By them he gained a notoriety which, as it were, gave him a platform on which to exhibit his real gifts.

Poor Oscar! His best poetry was written under the lash of suffering; but it is not by that he is remembered. His play *The Importance of being Earnest* has recently been revived and, I am told, is still amusing.

MODERN PROSE FORMS

II. BIOGRAPHY

BY ERIC GILLET

LORD Macaulay has really a very great deal to answer for. His richly coloured and cleverly generalized critical essays gave him such an impressive reputation as an historian and biographer that it is not often remembered that he never wrote a biography and that his *History of England* is a monumental fragment. The truth is that he provided the welcome ray of light which illuminated the unending steppes of pious Victorian memorial volumes.

In his admirable *Development of English Biography* Mr. Harold Nicolson remarks that after a splendid beginning, which included such biographers as Moore, Southey, and Lockhart,

then came earnestness, and with earnestness hagiography descended on us with its sullen cloud, and the Victorian biographer scribbled laboriously by the light of shaded lamps The moment that any emotion (such as reverence, affection, ethical desires, religious belief) intrudes upon the composition of a biography, that biography is doomed. Of all such emotions religious earnestness is the most fatal to pure biography.

It would be truer, I think, to say that Victorian ideas of piety to the deceased were often the very gravest kind of handicap to the biographer. It is not for nothing that those weighty works in two, and occasionally three commemorative volumes, so strongly resembled tombstones. Their contents were usually as eulogistic as memorial elegies. The books sometimes provided good reading, although that is the exception rather than the rule. Victorian biography almost never provides a satisfying portrait "in the round." Mrs. Gaskell's fascinating *Charlotte Brontë* is not a 'pure' biography but a highly prejudiced composition which makes the reader feel, so convincing it is, that if Charlotte was not like Mrs. Gaskell's picture of her, she certainly ought to have been. In this 'Life' Mrs. Gaskell, the novelist, was too much for Mrs. Gaskell, the would-be biographer, and I for one, do not regret that this was so.

About ninety years ago an Edinburgh Reviewer who was writing an appreciation of Macaulay's *History* showed that he knew all that really mattered in the treatment of historical and biographical subjects:

Mr. Macaulay has, with an instinctive sense both of truth and of the power to realize it, perceived that a true story may be, and should be, as agreeably told as a fictitious one; that the incidents of real life, whether political or domestic, admit of being so arranged as, without detriment to accuracy, to command all the interest of an artificial series of facts; that the chain of circumstances which constitutes history may be as finely and gracefully woven as in any tale of fancy, and be as much more interesting as the human countenance, with all its glowing reality of life, and structure, and breathing beauty, excels the most enchanting portrait that ever passed from the pencil of Kneller or of Lawrence.

How many of the Victorian biographers had these perceptions? There is in many of them a disconcerting blend of snobbishness and misplaced piety which is well calculated to veil the real personality of the subject of a biography from the reader's eyes. Most students of biography would agree that the opaque curtain so comprehensively draped by the Victorian biographers remained indomitably in position until it was wrenched aside less than twenty-five years ago by the forceful hand of Mr. Lytton Strachey. It would be fair to say that his *Eminent Victorians* (1918) and Mr. John Masefield's *Everlasting Mercy* have provided the two greatest literary sensations of the present century. The impact of James Joyce's *Ulysses* was neither as marked nor as lasting as these two entirely unexpected shocks. There is no doubt that Mr. Strachey derived much of the precision and irony that are such prominent characteristics of his work from French literature of which he was a profound student.

It is curious that those who name Macaulay and Strachey glibly enough when influences on modern historians and biographers are mentioned are very much less ready to put in a word for Sir Edmund Gosse, whose *Father and Son* is one of the most important as well as one of the most daring and delightful of nineteenth century biographies. Published eleven years before Mr. Strachey's first book of biographical studies it is by far the most impressive of Gosse's string of biographical and critical works and it sounded a new note in English biographical method. His father, Philip Henry Gosse, was a distinguished zoologist but that is not the capacity in which his son has depicted him. Taking the first eighteen years of his own life he has shown his father, early left a

widower, as a Victorian parent and the leader of a strait and ridiculously Puritanical sect known as the 'Saints.' Philip Gosse was at heart kindly enough but he was obsessed by religious practice to an absurd degree. He almost killed the tender plant that was his son by mistaken kindness and concern, and although Edmund Gosse must have suffered acutely as a child he has recollected the circumstances of his childhood without resentment and has made his 'study of two temperaments,' as he called it, a piece of enduring literature, because he realized, as almost no Victorian biographer realized that life is an extraordinary blend of grave and gay. He wrote in his preface:

It is not usual, perhaps, that the narrative of a spiritual struggle should mingle merriment and irony with a discussion of the most solemn subjects. It has, however, been inevitable that they should be so mingled in this narrative. It is true that most funny books try to be funny throughout, while theology is scandalized if it awakens a single smile. But life is not constituted thus, and this book is nothing if it is not a genuine slice of life. There was an extraordinary mixture of comedy and tragedy in the situation which is here described, and those who are affected by the pathos of it will not need to have it explained to them that the comedy was superficial and the tragedy essential.

Gosse's treatment is a scrupulously fair presentation of incidents which as he says were often sad indeed to a small boy but in recollection provide entertainment for the grown man. A first-class example of this is to be found in the affair of the Christmas Pudding. The Saints' dreary tenets did not allow them to indulge in any of the usual Christmas festivities. The keeping of the feast appeared to P. H. Gosse to be nothing less than an act of idolatry. He would explain that it was adapted from horrible heathen rites. These denunciations had such a profound effect on his son that it almost made him blush to look at a holly berry:

On Christmas Day of the year 1857 our villa saw a very unusual sight. My father had given strictest charge that no difference whatever was to be made in our meals that day; the dinner was to be neither more copious than usual nor less so. He was obeyed, but the servants, secretly rebellious, made a small plum-pudding for themselves. Early in the afternoon the maids—of whom we now advanced to keeping two—kindly remarked that "the poor dear child ought to have a bit, anyhow," and wheedled me into the kitchen, where I ate a slice of plum-pudding. Shortly I began to feel that pain inside which in my frail state was inevitable, and my conscience smote me violently. At length I could bear my spiritual anguish no longer, and bursting into the study I called out: "Oh! Papa, Papa, I have eaten of the flesh offered to idols!" It took some time between my sobs, to explain

what had happened. Then my father sternly said: "Where is the accursed thing?" I explained that as much as was left of it was still on the kitchen table. He took me by the hand, and ran with me into the midst of the startled servants, seized what remained of the pudding, and with the plate in one hand and me still tight in the other, ran till we reached the dust-heap, when he flung the idolatrous confectionery on to the middle of the ashes, and then raked it deep down into the mass. The suddenness, the violence, the velocity of this extraordinary act made an impression on my memory which nothing will ever efface.

Father and Son is a triumphant vindication of the selective biographical method at its finest. It may well be argued that the author made no attempt to portray his father in the round, and that he depicted him only in one relationship, that of his own most intimate domestic circle. The answer is that Gosse brought off just what he set out to accomplish. His own detachment and evident wish to be fair to his father are never paraded, but they are remarkable. As noteworthy is the complete absence of self-pity in a narrative which teems with opportunities for it. This section of Victorian family life is a masterpiece, and often when one sees other and much less praiseworthy attempts at biography acclaimed one is astonished that *Father and Son* has not caught the literary public's eye earlier and remained in it since.

Sir Edmund Gosse deliberately chose a small canvas for his domestic chronicle. Mr. Lytton Strachey took even smaller canvasses to paint four major portraits and innumerable sketches in his *Eminent Victorians*. Mr. Strachey maintained an attitude of detachment as religiously as did Sir Edmund Gosse. His irony is never absent for long from his pages and his sense of the ludicrous was as keen as Gosse's. He had a genius for marshalling figures and movements in a most orderly array. His use of names and titles is masterly. Perhaps there are times when he takes too much obvious delight in such things. He gets as much effect out of, say, Dowbiggin and Wegg-Prosser, as Gilbert got from Basingstoke or Noel Coward from Budleigh Salterton. The economy with which he contrives his effects is noteworthy. In the life of Cardinal Manning, there is a picture of John Henry Newman, at the age of sixty-three, thwarted and at his wits' end. All his excellent schemes have been made to go astray by exceedingly sinister intrigues, some of them prompted by Manning himself. It happened that Newman was in Oxford then:

At about this time the Curate of Littlemore had a singular experience. As he was passing by the Church he noticed an old man, very poorly dressed in an old grey coat with the collar turned up, leaning

over the lych gate, in floods of tears. He was apparently in great trouble, and his hat was pulled down over his eyes, as if he wished to hide his features. For a moment, however, he turned towards the Curate, who was suddenly struck by something familiar in the face. Could it be—? A photograph hung over the Curate's mantelpiece of the man who had made Littlemore famous by his sojourn there more than twenty years ago; he had never seen the original; but now, was it possible—? He looked again, and could doubt no longer. It was Dr. Newman. He sprang forward, with proffers of assistance. Could he be of any use? "Oh no, no!" was the reply. "Oh no, no!" But the Curate felt that he could not turn away, and leave so eminent a character in such distress. "Was it not Dr. Newman he had the honour of addressing?" he asked with all the respect and sympathy at his command. "Was there nothing that could be done?" But the old man hardly seemed to understand what was being said to him. "Oh no!" he repeated, with the tears streaming down his face. "Oh no, no!"

This telling incident is a satisfying justification of Lytton Strachey's method. In that twenty line anecdote there is compressed the agony and disappointment of twenty years of frustration and any further explanation would be superfluous.

Strachey's *Queen Victoria* is one of the great English biographies. It is fascinating to notice the biographer at first a little uncertain of his approach but convinced that he has chosen an ideal subject for his ironic method. As the book progresses one sees the birth of admiration and understanding in the author's mind. He became aware of the Queen's dignified stubbornness, her resolute determination to retain for the Crown every possible vestige of power, and he succeeded in portraying these things without forgetting for an instant that the woman's mind was neither broad nor supple. In spite of this she was a great Queen and so she appears in these pages. The same phenomena, or something remarkably like them, are to be found in *Elizabeth and Essex*. Henry VIII's daughter is depicted not as the resolute and daring encourager of desperate enterprises, but as a rather vacillating and indecisive person who gained most of her surprising success by a policy of masterly inactivity. The biographer was less at his ease when dealing with Tudor times. His ironic method was built up largely by the introduction of intimate and frequently ludicrous detail, and he found a lack of it when he came to deal with a period separated from his own day by three hundred years.

It is hardly necessary to state that the tremendous success of Mr. Strachey's methods gained for him a host of imitators. "Biographies," "Studies," and "Memoirs" abounded, most of them written in a slap-dash superficial manner in which the picturesque element was strongly emphasized and any pretence

to solid scholarship abandoned. Mr. Philip Guedalla's witty pages flicker with epigrams and highly coloured generalizations, which make some of his work tedious to read, so determined was he, it seemed, to be brilliant. It was Arnold Bennett's 'Card' who had the unexceptionable intention of cheering us all up and after the dreary whiskered Victorian biographies there was certainly a good deal to be said in favour of an extension of what has now come to be called generally in literary circles "debunking." Only a few years ago bright young gentlemen in the publishers' and literary agents' offices were to be seen consulting works of reference and book lists and catalogues with the idea of finding out who had *not* been debunked, or, in other words, had not been made the subject of a bright, up to date Life. The Strachey method or what was taken to be the Strachey method became in unskilled hands a tiresome and vulgar menace.

Some years ago now there was published a commercially successful biography of *Henry the Eighth* by Mr. Francis Hackett, an Irish author who had spent a great part of his life in America where he had done journalistic work and published a novel. His *Henry the Eighth* achieved an immediate success there. It was chosen by one of the numerous Book Clubs in the States and was afterwards accorded a similar honour in this country. In intention Mr. Hackett's work is admirable. As he stated in his preface, "To be then-minded, to use imagination and intuition, to suggest life—this is the task of the psycho-historian." Unfortunately he set about his task burdened by a peculiar literary style, which grates on the sensibilities as a rasping saw offends the ear. We are told that Francis, the young king of France 'was conceived at an age not to be mentioned, and born when the mother was fourteen,' and we are not impressed by this unexpected reticence. A little later in the book one encounters the author in his most up-to-date and smartly cynical manner. It would be agreeable to read Macaulay's criticism of this passage:

These three dates are worth remembering: Henry born in 1491, Francis in 1495, Charles on that convenient date 1500. Henry and Francis will die in the same year, 1547: Charles will outlive them, though not by many years. They are the central European figures of the first half of the sixteenth century, in that walk to which it had pleased God to call them, Henry's father having aided God by direct action.

The whole of his highly-coloured and affected introductory chapter is written in this bombastic and pretentious style.

The author's intention was no doubt excellent, but the execution is usually floridly incompetent, and sometimes extremely funny, though, needless to say, this is unintentional. Throughout the book every chapter is divided into sections and each section ends with a sentence which is intended either to be epigrammatic or a summing-up of the contents of the section, as when we are told at the beginning of Henry's intrigue with Anne Boleyn:

Anne came under Henry's loving eyes when she was still untied and uncommitted, a very light and slender person declaring she was unattached, and her big black eyes cleaving untracked waters and leaving a sea-fire in the heart of the male.

Rudyard Kipling would have enjoyed that but not in the sense that the author wrote it.

These extracts are given in order to show how careful the debunker must be if his bright, modern method is to succeed. It would be possible to quote longer passages which show the author at his highly coloured worst. There is one piece picturing world affairs after the meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold which reminds me of nothing except a child's first lavish experiments with a box of paints. The state of mind of many of the debunkers is very similar. Give them a period piece to do, and it seems that they rush straight round to Wardour Street, or wherever it is that the theatrical costumiers live, and plunder the wardrobes indiscriminately without any qualms as to what the result will be.

When Mr. Hackett becomes so absorbed in his subject that he does not worry about fine writing he can be good, as when he tells of Henry's inordinate sensitiveness. There was a striking example of this at the Field of the Cloth of Gold:

But there was a moment when Henry, in the exuberance of his triumphs in archery, turned to Francis as they entered the tent for refreshment, in front of Catherine and Claude, seized the long-legged Frenchman by the collar, saying, "Brother, I will have a wrestle with you." It took Francis off his guard. In the abruptness of the assault there was a real tussle, a twist, and Henry was thrown on the grass. He rose purple with rage. The ice had cracked. On every face was depicted the nervous fear in which this love-feast had so far been suffered, and before Henry could begin again, all were summoned to the table by their ladies.

Earlier, mention was made of Mr. Guedalla's biographies and the suggestion was made that he also sought too strenuously for the picturesque. It must not be thought for an instant that there is any marked resemblance between the work which has just been noticed and his vivid depictions of *Palmerston* and

The Duke. With a little more restraint this fine biography of the hero of Waterloo would be comparable to the best of Strachey. It is a splendid and most moving portrait, and the final chapter shows Mr. Guedalla at his descriptive best with the cadences of his prose suggesting the slow tramp, tramp of the great cavalcade which accompanied all that was mortal of the Duke on his last impressive journey to St. Paul's.

There is a delightful glimpse of the Duke's last days at Walmer Castle, where "he lived on, half national monument, half Delphic oracle." Lord Stanhope used to perch himself beside the Duke on his writing table in order to get material for his Boswellian *Conversations with Wellington*. Needless to say the Duke was quite unconscious of his purpose. One night a lady piled the writing table high with books to keep the tireless questioner away:

Quite undeterred, the relentless Stanhope took them off and installed himself as usual. "I don't think much of your fortifications," said a deep voice from the Duke's armchair.

Not that his topics were exclusively martial. For one day he read them the report of *Bardell v. Pickwick*; and he was occasionally engaged by deeper themes provided by his religious correspondents. Someone found him deep in a forbidding work by Habershon upon the Prophecies, and he was known to recommend a learned publication which proved (by the aid of Scripture) that the aboriginal population of America had originally come from Tyre. He found it quite convincing and regarded their successful navigation of the Atlantic without compasses as conclusive evidence of the activities of a higher Power. Then he talked of old times in India, told stories about Talleyrand, and went off on the campaign *Vimeiro*. For it was more comforting to recall the past than to contemplate a present where O'Connell was haranguing crowds. Crowds always irritated him; as he thought of them, a little rhyme came back to him.

" Pour la Canaille
Faut la mitraille "

and he murmured it quite lovingly as they went in to dinner. But his old despairs had very nearly vanished, since his countrymen showed sense enough to discard the Whigs; and although there were difficulties in sight, "I do not conceive them to be insurmountable, and I have good hopes for the future." For though the world was changing fast, perhaps it would not change too much.

There is a charm and mellowness here which is not to be found in the hard brilliance of the earlier works. This is not the Guedalla who once remarked in a review of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street* that 'Dreaming Spires' was the kind of expression a Cambridge undergraduate might use to describe St. Pancras Station. There is no doubt that Mr.

Guedalla's future as a biographer may be regarded with considerable interest.

It was M. Maurois with his fanciful study of Shelley, *Ariel*, who set the fashion for a number of literary biographies which will make the way of the undergraduate in the English Honours Schools of the Universities very much more exciting and eventful than it used to be in the past.

Of the younger biographers Mr. Arthur Bryant occupies a leading place. His study of King Charles II won him popular acclaim and also a reputation among serious historians. He is a biographer whose work is both accurate and appealing. His great life of Pepys, not yet completed, is a pattern of its kind. One would have thought that of all Englishmen Pepys, after the issue of his cypher diary, would be the most difficult to bring to life in a biography. Mr. Bryant has succeeded most notably. Not only the man himself but Stuart London comes to life in these pages and it is to be hoped that the time is not far absent when Mr. Bryant will be able to finish what promises to be one of our finest biographies. Mr. Evelyn Waugh, writing in a vein more serious than is customary with him wrote a strong monograph on Campion. Coming to more recent times Cowper has found an excellent chronicler in Lord David Cecil, whose *Stricken Deer* is a finely sensitive and perceptive work.

Almost all the great figures of the Romantic Revival and of the Victorian era have been debunked with highly satisfactory and amusing effect. Mr. Harold Nicolson has shown himself an adept at literary and historical biography. His works on Byron, Swinburne and Tennyson are particularly subtle and engaging, and his biographies of his father and of Lord Curzon are as well informed as they are well written. Mr. Peter Quennell's *Byron: The Years of Fame* deserves mention, so does Mr. Christopher Lloyd's *Fanny Burney*, which with his *Captain Marryat* filled attractively two prominent vacancies in the biography shelves. Prominent among biographies of contemporary women writers are Virginia Woolf's sensitive study of Roger Fry, and Vera Brittain's *Testament of Friendship* which commemorates most vividly and sympathetically the short life of a remarkable personality, Winifred Holtby.

One of the most interesting of contemporary biographers is Mr. A. J. A. Symons. His *Quest for Corvo*, an elaborate and beautifully constructed study of one of the least admirable figures of the Nineties, whets the appetite for his *Life of Wilde* on which he is now engaged. His short book on Livingstone

is one not to be missed. The delicate precision of Mr. Symons's style furnishes a pleasing contrast to the coy jocosity which informs a recent life of Barrie. Interesting technically this is most irritating to read until one has forced oneself to bow to the author's very intrusive method.

Series of short popular biographies issued for the first time at cheap prices and written by well known writers have increased the popular demand for and interest in this literary form. In fact I believe that a sixpenny reprint of M. Maurois's *Ariel* is already in its ninth edition, which shows how very valuable an educative force such cheap reprints can be.

Among the contemporary biographers of men of action, the Prime Minister, the late John Buchan and Mr. Hilaire Belloc take prominent places. John Buchan was at his best when writing of Scotsmen. His studies of Montrose and Sir Walter Scott are models of literary tact and accuracy. His *Oliver Cromwell* is perhaps as good, which is to be expected from one who was born a son of the manse.

Mr. Churchill uses a good rhythmical style with considerable effect, especially in his biography of his great ancestor, Marlborough, but I cannot avoid the feeling that he is a greater master of the spoken than of the written word. As a speaker he is the very voice of Britain; as a writer he can be an excellent biographer.

Of the more intimate biographies of contemporaries this century has provided some excellent examples. Mr. E. M. Forster in his acute and delicate study of Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson and Mr. H. E. Wortham in his too little known and altogether admirable *Oscar Browning* have produced academic Lives which are most happily free from the smell of the lamp.

In conclusion it may be said that during the last twenty-three years, the period which has elapsed since the appearance of *Eminent Victorians*, the art of biography in England has shown steady and gratifying progress. Nowadays biography is regarded as an important and highly readable literary form. In 1918 the *Manchester Guardian* reviewing *Eminent Victorians* referred to this "unusually interesting volume in a department of literature which, in England, has fallen to a grievously low level." There is no doubt that the *Manchester Guardian* reviewer if he is alive would regard the province of contemporary biography with a very different eye to-day.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

MR. RALPH INGERSOLL, editor of *P.M.* (which, we are assured, is New York's newest and most famous evening newspaper) will not resent treatment of his work as journalism, even though it comes in the form of a book—*Report on England*.* Good journalism has a double value, giving its readers of the moment a provisional version of history, while it collects for the historian proper material that may be invaluable. No one writing a history of London under bombardment can afford to neglect Mr. Ingersoll's picture of what he saw in the shelters. Statistics will be needed to stabilize the impression, but the vivid unexaggerated record of actual vision is there. On the other hand, what this book has to say about the battle between the R.A.F. and the *Luftwaffe* for control of the air over England gives even to facts that are generally known a significance that will be new to most of us. The conclusion he reaches is that if Hitler, then able to put ten or twenty machines against one into action, had gone on losing two hundred a day for perhaps another week, "not even the English could have taken it." "Not even" is eloquent in the way that Mr. Ingersoll prefers.

The special interest of this book is due to the fact that its author has been himself flying, as a sport; and he has not only passionate curiosity but evidently can talk the language. His detailed account of the British machines and his thumbnail sketches of their pilots will enlighten all but the experts; and he has shown genius as a journalist in picking out a shy young man with no very outstanding distinction to describe baling out for the first time at, say, 20,000 feet. Genius not only in selecting him, but in getting him to talk—and making plain that what he stressed was the number of machines he had lost. For he had been driven to bale out half a dozen times. Somebody else had to make it clear that this shy lad had shot down four certainties—with a good margin of probables. Also, Mr.

*Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

Ingersoll makes it very plain to his own people that up to the present no American fighters supplied to Great Britain are used in fight over Britain—because America, like Germany, got the wrong idea and did not think first how many guns a plane could carry. What the R.A.F. has done against Germany, it has had to do with British manufacture; and Mr. Ingersoll insists that America should not be too proud to take the best guidance.

Having made it plain exactly what it means to have control of the air by daylight, and what limitations a continued existence of night bombing imposes on that ascendancy, he is quite clear that Germany is not likely to secure now or later what it failed to win two months after Dunkirk. He does not discuss what may happen if the R.A.F. come to control the air over Northern France, as well as over England. But in general he avoids speculation, and records fact, with skilful, characteristic and appropriate use of understatement. It is a book I have read with delight.

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I would not go so far as to say that of Mr. Alired Cobban's work, *The Crisis of Civilization*.*

**The Idea of
Justice**

contribution to such discussion as Mr. Emlyn Williams is conducting in this REVIEW; but the author sacrifices a good deal of exactitude to the pursuit of epigram, which often takes the form of metaphor. Here is a typical example:

For twenty years after 1918 one part of the Western world was attempting, with an increasing sense of hopelessness, to revive the corpse of pre-war Europe. To the other half, 1918 was the birth of a new age. Conceived of war and revolution, the auguries of its infancy were hardly promising and it reached its majority in 1939.

Can one describe a new order which established Poland and Czechoslovakia as independent nations as "revivifying the corpse of pre-war Europe?" In short, much of this book is loose rhetoric. Yet rhetoric can be suggestive, as when Mr. Cobban writes: "At the end of the eighteenth century, the sovereign State met the Sovereign individual." That sums up wittily his main contention, which is that up to the French revolution governments conformed generally to the tradition of Natural Law, but that in the French Revolution and its consequent imperialism, nationalism developed unrestrained. The sole test of right was the advantage of the nation. Our main concern now, he holds, should be to extirpate the heresy

*Cape. 12s. 6d.

of absolute national sovereignties, and to make clear that for all government the supreme object is to serve humanity. Natural law forbids what is injurious to men as men; I should have been disposed to quote the abolition of slavery as an example of obedience of long-neglected natural law; yet that took place in the nineteenth century when nationalism was rampant. I should have thought that in the twentieth there had been considerable advance in applying through Government the idea of justice, and that only in Germany had the claims of nationalism been allowed completely to override it. However, justice is a word which Mr. Cobban avoids. He says (on p. 189):

Justice is giving to each man what is due to him on the principle of like being due to like, and since no two men are alike, justice thus conceived is rather a subject for the arguments of philosophers than a guide to statesmen.

Certainly, if the word were tied to that arithmetical meaning, few of us would care to use it; but in fact it means something quite inexact, but none the less, intelligible. I should much sooner fight extravagant nationalism with the idea of justice than with that of natural law. My sharpest complaint against Mr. Chamberlain was that when he declared war on Germany, it was on grounds of the balance of power. England, he said, had always resented the attempt of any power to establish domination in Europe. To my mind the British people approved and welcomed war because Germany's action in Austria, in Czechoslovakia and in Poland had outraged their sense of justice. Indeed, Mr. Chamberlain had persuaded them to accept the surrender at Munich on the ground that Germany was entitled in fair play to recover the Sudeten districts and their people. He appealed to justice on the wrong side.

Still, we are all in general agreement. We all agree with Mr. Cobban that if the Germans win, there is an end to civilization as we understand it. It is not any longer—if it ever was—a struggle between totalitarian States and democracies; totalitarian Russia apparently accepts the principle of justice so far as to make reparation to Poland—for its own ultimate advantage. What Mr. Cobban looks to as the hope of mankind presumes the defeat of the Central Powers, but he does not give it any exact and formal shape. He does however rule out certain things which made nonsense of the League of Nations, such as the claim simply to count votes—Nicaragua one, the United States one, and so forth. But chiefly he insists that the idea of absolute sovereignty must go by the board. A nation has rights in the community of nations, but these must

be fitted in with the rights of other nations; and no nation can be allowed to act, or prepare for action, in a way that is anti-social. There must be preventive machinery; and this he looks to find in the action—and presumably in the joint action—of great leading powers. These are China and Russia for Asia; for the rest of the world, the United States leading America, and Great Britain leading the British Empire. These great organizations will of course to some extent control each other—and so after all we may get back to the balance of power. But no logical completeness is possible in politics—a science of the inexact.

There is shrewd insistence on the special disadvantage attached to dictatorships. Change there must always come with violence; constitutional states provide for the transfer of power from one oligarchy to another. Here is a passage which will show Mr. Cobban at his best—

All governments are oligarchies, in so far as they are all in the hands of the few. Government by consent does not mean government by the people, since, whoever governs, the people never do. If political terms were used with any exactness, the parliamentary democracies should be called elective aristocracies If the world means what it says, it is obviously the form of government to be preferred. It means the government of the best, and if the question is put, the best *what*, obviously the logical answer is, the best fitted to govern. The choice of the best by the process of election is open to criticism, but it is at least less haphazard than the hereditary system, and no scientific means of determining political capacity has yet been discovered.

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Mr. A. G. Street has added to his writings on farming a short volume *Round the Year on a Farm*.*

**Educating
the Farmer**

crop succeeds to crop and how the whole working dovetails into an endless chain; and tells it with the glow only given by a man in love with his subject. What occurs to me is that either this book or some other of the kind should make a part of everyone's education. Farming, work of the land, has been neglected in these countries, because education was directed away from it. Taking the case I know best, three brothers were brought up in remote country where farming was the business of practically everyone, gentle or simple, except shopkeepers in the little town. Their own father (it was in Ireland long ago) managed his own glebe farm with an old steward and three or four labourers. Anyone of these lads would have been ashamed not to know the name of any ordinary tree, or the flight of almost any bird;

*Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.

but I doubt if anyone of them could have given a reasoned account of the work that went on, year in year out, under their eyes. Yet they and their father had the name of being more than commonly intelligent. Why is it that one of them should find so much in Mr. Street's account that he could not have told from experience? For most of the young in these islands—especially in England—the whole business must be strangely remote: and yet it is the foundation of existence. Perhaps now that motor power has come so largely into it, farming may seem less divorced from ordinary middle class outlook. It was an amazement to me in 1917 when a brother officer who was a successful farmer said that on an average, by pre-war standards, there should be a profit of about £5 an acre. He held about 200 acres in a region good for mixed farming, and he was in love with the life. Whatever happens after this ordeal is over, the state should see to it that neither parents nor children of the middle class should be as ignorant of the farmer's life as has been the rule, with mighty few exceptions. Mr. Street would ask no better than to do some of the propaganda, and would do it to admiration.

* * * *

Mr. Forrest Reid in his *Retrospective Adventures**—a work recommended by the Book Society—chooses to emphasize that he grew up among the influences of last century, for his collection of papers on *Books and Writers* is opened by a study of Andrew Lang—a critic who never could be persuaded to take his job seriously. My own feeling was that if Lang liked a book, I should certainly enjoy it, but the fact that he disliked it would be no proof that it was not worth while. As Mr. Reid says “realism annoyed him and erotic emotion seems to have moved him chiefly to laughter.” I doubt if he ever read any of the Russians and he certainly would never have been indulgent to Henry James—another of the authors whom Mr. Reid studies. The truth is that Lang was devoted to what is now called escapist fiction—more particularly to the narrative poems attributed to one Homer; it is unlikely that he would have enjoyed Joyce's *Ulysses* or the poems of that arrogant boor Arthur Rimbaud after whom so much of modern poetry is modelled. I happen to have been re-reading the *Iliad* and have some sympathy with the escapists—and even with the old view that such literature is moral medicine. England does not need a dose of Homer—

**The Escapist
Homer**

*Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.

the R.A.F. and London's population prove that; but France would have been greatly the better for it; and the cult and even the toleration of Rimbaud and such like spread disease. Not that it would ever get encouragement from Mr. Forrest Reid whether as critic or as creator of fiction; this volume gives examples of his shorter works in both kinds. It includes notice of that singular genius Seumas O'Kelly which perhaps hardly does justice to O'Kelly's short story—*The Weaver's Grave*. Even Lang, who had no love for Ireland, or for any "squabble of three doddering old men," would I think have saluted that marvellous piece of writing. There are other people here of whom it is pleasant to be reminded—W. D. Howells, for example. Yet somehow Mr. Reid does not make me want to go back to *The Rise and Fall of Silas Lapham*.

The only excuse for a novel's existence is that it shall give you a faithful picture of life. The moving accident is not its trade.

So Mr. Howell dogmatized about his art, not foreseeing a world in which accidents moving at three hundred miles an hour would come easily into a faithful picture. How determined he would have been to keep America clear of such adventures! How resentful that the epic mood should reassert itself!

Let us admit that Lang, for all his lightness of touch, had something donnish about him; and dons do not take kindly to the last word in anything, unless they feel that they can say it themselves. They are apt to meet the new with mockery; and I should have liked to hear Lang on Mr. T. S. Eliot. A friend has given me this parody of Walt Whitman by one of Lang's contemporaries, R. W. Raper, whom many of us knew at Oxford's Trinity. Readers of *East Coker*, Mr. Eliot's poem which, printed last September has reached its fourth impression by January, will remember that it opens with the words "In my beginning is my end" and closes with the inversion of this: "In my end is my beginning." Listen to Raper—

I am one who goes to the river,
I sit in a boat and I think
How life is much but time is more
And the beginning is everything,
But the end is something.

As Lear says: "Handy dandy, change places now"; which is the parodist, which the poet?

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ITALIANS IN EAST AFRICA

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Sir,

I am not a controversialist and have no desire to cross swords with Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, but I would ask her, or those of your readers who may be interested in the future of Abyssinia, to compare what I wrote in the June FORTNIGHTLY with the distorted and in some cases inaccurate summary of my views which she gives in the August number. Perhaps if I had made no allusion to the Hoare-Laval proposals I should not have excited her indignation. I fully realized that by alluding to them I had waved a red flag, and my only reason for doing so was to show that my ideas were not novel but had occurred to the Staffs of the British and French Foreign Offices, who presumably were acquainted with Abyssinian conditions.

The main points on which Miss Pankhurst misrepresents me are:—

- (1) I did not suggest that Italy should be given any control over Abyssinia: on the contrary I welcomed the guarantee of her complete independence. What I did suggest was that in the interests of his Empire, Haile Selassie might be willing to rid himself of a dangerous and expensive incubus by parting with territory which had lost what value it might formerly have had as a buffer zone against European Colonial expansion.
- (2) I did not suggest that, should any part of his territory be surrendered, it would be as a sop to Italy—but an arrangement with suitable financial compensation.
- (3) I did suggest that the Port of Asab, which lies in the Eritrean Colony, should pass to Abyssinia.
- (4) I made no suggestion that Jibuti should be transferred to Italy. As a French possession the question of its future does not at present arise. Manifestly it would be much the best outlet to the sea, which could be given to Abyssinia, but would France be willing to make it her contribution to post-war settlements? Beyond having financial interests in the Jibuti Railway Italy is not now concerned.
- (5) My allusions to Italian Colonial records referred exclusively to the two East African Colonies and to pre-Mussolini conditions. Any suggestions I made assumed a post-Mussolini era. Incidentally

Miss Pankhurst's description of how the Colonies were acquired would have applied equally to many of our own African possessions.

Miss Pankhurst, I think, fails to appreciate that the Abyssinian Plateau forms a clearly defined geographic unit, the inhabitants of which have much the same mode of life and standard of civilization. Though they consist of different races and have different religions they form a recognizable nation. The semi-desert lowlands which surround the plateau and are included in the present boundaries of Ethiopia are of an entirely different character. They are inhabited by races with a different mode of life and standard of culture from those of the Plateau. Haile Selassie's educational and other reforms have been in the main operative only in the Plateau region, although he can be given credit for attempting to maintain order in his outlying possessions, without however, I imagine, remunerative results and with considerable additions to his difficult problems. The chief problem is presented by the Mahomedan, nomadic Somali tribes, who will certainly never learn to consider themselves Abyssinian. They at present inhabit French, British, Italian and Ethiopian territory, and their nomadic habits, depending on water supplies and seasonal grazing, pay little respect to boundaries. Having no centralized authority feuds between tribal subsections, with resulting frontier incidents, may be expected. Gravity and proximity to the sea makes Somalis look to the coast and not towards the Plateau in all their trade relations; and to the Government holding the coastal regions for settlement of their disputes.

The black inhabitants of the Sudan plains in the upper Sobat watershed, and the primitive inhabitants of the extreme South-Western corner of the Plateau are also culturally on a different and lower level from the recognized Abyssinian. But they must evidently remain an Abyssinian responsibility.

There can be no question of compelling Haile Selassie to rid himself of what I believe to be an incubus, but provided suitable compensation could be arranged I suggest that he might be willing and well advised to reduce his responsibilities, at least where the Somali tribes are concerned.

Yours faithfully,

Marycourt,
Middle Hill,
Englefield Green,
Surrey.

CHARLES GWYNN.

EVACUEES IN SOUTH-WEST ENGLAND

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Sir,

As the Billeting Officer concerned in the establishment of the Hostel for evacuee schoolchildren at Dartington Hall may I make the following comments on the article which appeared in your July issue.

The suggestion that our hostel is an example of a communal billet set up by an individual billeting officer "almost as a private concern" is a misleading half-truth. It is true that in the early days of evacuation a great deal was left to the imagination and initiative of both billeting officers and local authorities. In this case, having been allotted 150 more children than could be billeted in private homes in the parish, and warned that we must prepare for the maximum, it was clear that the emergency called for the provision of some kind of hostel or communal billet. Suitable premises and management personnel happened to be available and the plan was duly approved by the Senior Regional Officer.

When the children arrived on June 14, 1940, it was fortunate that preparations had been made to receive the full contingent. Our hostel started with 150, dwindled during the Summer to 100 but was brought up to 200 towards the end of October by a second party sent down by the Education Officer of the L.C.C. who had personally visited us earlier in the Autumn. The management has always regarded 170 children as being the optimum for which the accommodation is really suitable under war-time conditions. The number stands at just under 180 to-day. It has never approached the figure of "nearly 300" mentioned by your correspondent.

The suggestion that this hostel could not obtain "recognition" and consequently suffered from lack of funds is also extremely misleading. In fact, all capital expenditure involved in the provision of equipment, utensils, beds and bedding, black-out and A.R.P. material has been borne by the Ministry of Health. Salaries and wages of the staff (trained nurse, house-mothers and domestic workers) have been regularly paid by the local authority and charged to the Evacuation Account.

With regard to current expenditure on food, cleaning materials, laundry, heating and lighting, the authorities decided, for reasons best known to themselves, to provide the hostel with a weekly income based on the usual billeting allow-

ances payable for each child, at 8/6, 10/6 and 12/6 according to age, together with one guinea allowed weekly for each adult helper. In practice it has been found that this income is sufficient during the Summer months but is not adequate to meet extra costs of heating, lighting and other overhead expenses. On this question of overheads we have in fact frequently asked for guidance without result. In practice the management has found it sufficient to adopt the simple expedient of passing on to the local authority all charges in respect of overheads which it seemed unreasonable to pay, or attempt to pay, out of the income derived from the billeting allowances. *In no case has expenditure on food or other necessities been cut in order to meet these overhead costs.*

Your contributor's absurd suggestion that the children have "suffered badly" from poor food and bad conditions "brought about by insufficient staffing, general penury and poor administration" could be refuted by any disinterested visitor to our hostel. Abundant evidence could be produced from parents, school inspectors, welfare visitors and others to show that the children are well nourished, well-cared for and happy. Difficulties there have been, both in staffing arrangements and catering. Anyone with any knowledge of evacuation problems would know that these have been unavoidable. But anyone with the slightest understanding of the tasks involved would find it necessary to devote more than a brief inaccurate paragraph to an experiment in communal billeting which has been sustained successfully for more than a year during these difficult times and is to-day quite definitely established as a worth-while enterprise.

Yours faithfully,

R. C. MOREL.

Billeting Officer.

Shinner's Bridge Farm,
Dartington,
Totnes, S. Devon.

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THE BRONTË LABORATORY

By PHYLLIS BENTLEY

THE BRONTES' WEB OF CHILDHOOD, by Fannie Elizabeth Ratchford. *Columbia University Press.* \$3.50.

The title of this book may lead the serious reader to pass it by under the impression that it is merely another fanciful "interpretation" of the most written-up family in literary history, but such an impression would be erroneous. The contents are sensational enough, certainly, but not in the least fanciful; the book is the culminating phase of a thoroughly conscientious piece of research lasting about twenty years.

"I have had a curious packet confided to me," wrote Mrs. Gaskell in her famous *Life*, "containing an immense amount of manuscript, in an inconceivably small space; tales, dramas, poems, romances, written principally by Charlotte, in a hand which it is almost impossible to decipher without the aid of a magnifying glass." This precious collection passed from Mrs. Gaskell's hands to Arthur Bell Nicholls, thence by way of Clement Shorter to Thomas J. Wise, and was then broken up and widely dispersed. Miss Ratchford, librarian of the University of Texas, came across one of these diminutive manuscripts and transcribed it; perplexed but fascinated, she began to seek clues to its meaning, and by patient search was at length

enabled to read more than a hundred of these Brontë *juvenilia*.

Before writing this review, I went to Haworth (only a few miles away across the moors from my home) to refresh my remembrance of the scripts in the museum. Most of the original Brontë MSS. are locked away at present for fear of bombs, but some half-dozen of the smallest are still displayed; these are in size about $1\frac{7}{8}$ by $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches, neatly stitched into rough-paper "bindings," with title-pages most delightfully imitating bibliographical reality. Other scripts range in size to small octavo, but in every case their minute hand-printing must make their transcription a most formidable task. Miss Ratchford, Mr. Hatfield and others have from time to time edited, and the Brontë Society and others have printed, some third of the total available scripts; now in this critical essay Miss Ratchford correlates them and elucidates their startling significance.

Briefly, she has ascertained that all these "early works," of whatever kind and from whichever Brontë hand, form part of a cycle, a saga, relating to the same imaginary country and the same set of imaginary characters. A box of wooden soldiers given to Branwell set off the children's imagination in a *Young Men's Play*; later another play, *The Islanders*, was born; presently the

two fused, as Miss Ratchford says, into "a complex and representative society." The Glass Town (later Veropolis) Confederacy had everything which a real confederacy might own; mountains, rivers, cities; rulers, parliaments, rebels; writers, actors, booksellers; history, traditions, newspapers. The fertility of invention, the exuberance of detail, the power of characterization, the knowledge of life, revealed in this strange creation—which equals in bulk the whole of the published Brontë novels—make one marvel; but the conclusions drawn by Miss Ratchford are even more remarkable. She upsets many of our most cherished preconceptions about the Brontës, and in every case copious quotation proves her point. We have always linked Branwell with Emily, but it is Branwell and Charlotte who carry on the story of Zamorna and Northangerland in its later years; Emily and Anne break away in their teens and create another saga, of the island of Gondal, together. The characters of Zamorna and his eternal foe foreshadow without a doubt characters in *The Professor*, *Jane Eyre*, *Villette*; it is the Gondal saga, in which Branwell never participated, which contains the germ of the Heathcliff-Cathy story of *Wuthering Heights*. Some critics have thought Branwell the genius, but he is revealed here as an atrocious rhymers, and both dull and pretentious in his prose. We have attributed Emily's poems to her own experience, but they were written to express Gondal feelings and Gondal situations.

Miss Ratchford claims that these *juvenilia* contain in their tiny script the laboratory of the Brontë novels, the most remarkable romance in

literature and the most accurate record of the evolution of genius extant in any language. I have read her book twice, and believe her claim to be sober truth. Her discoveries, though not always related with the maximum of readability, are of prime importance to the study of the Brontës, whom indeed, lacking them, we have misunderstood. As a vindication of the method of scholarship over guesswork in the interpretation of literary history the book is a triumph. But the revelation of the "bright darling dream" in which those lonely children found consolation for their cheerless real lives makes the story of Haworth Parsonage rather more unbearably tragic than before. Miss Ratchford's title comes from a poem of Charlotte's; the Brontës' daydreams were a Freudian web indeed, not unlike that woven by the Lady of Shalott—if one weaves such webs too long, when at last faced with reality one perishes.

HISTORY IN MY TIME, by Otto Strasser. Translated from the German by Douglas Reed. *Jonathan Cape*. 10s. 6d.

I knew Otto Strasser at the time when he used to sit in his poorly furnished office in the Leipziger Strasse in Berlin editing his paper *Die Schwarze Front*. There were a lot of fervent followers with him, former imperial officers as well as young fellows fresh from school and university, who, like himself, had once believed in Hitler, but after bitter disillusion had broken away from the mendacity of the German Messiah. Otto Strasser's elder brother, Gregor, had stayed in the party, hoping that he might succeed in holding the Führer to the socialist

programme which he had solemnly proclaimed at the start of his "National revolution." He had to pay for this mistake with his life, during the great purge in 1934, while Otto already in 1933 had gone to Prague from where he continued his fight against Hitler. He journeyed to the Czech capital very often in order to see him. Every time he had another address. He was always dodging the spies of the Gestapo, who had already succeeded in murdering one of his closest collaborators, the engineer Formis. Notwithstanding the danger in which Strasser constantly found himself he was able to maintain his subterranean connections with Germany, and therefore was always excellently informed. He was full of hope. His party in Germany, the *Schwarze Front*, was steadily increasing,

and he even began to think of a clandestine return to Germany in order to organize the revolution against Hitler.

Then the blow fell. Hitler marched into Austria, and thus opened the gates of Prague for his tanks. Strasser had to move again. Switzerland, France, Paris fell. Strasser tried to escape. Hitler demanded his extradition from the Vichy government. Vichy complied. Only by the courage of his secretary and the help of some French friends and of a Portuguese consul could Strasser save himself by getting over the Spanish frontier at the eleventh hour. If he had written no more than the story of this escape he would have done enough for his book to become a real best-seller. I have never read a more fascinating picture of the tragedy of France so far. It is painted in the

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drab colours of cowardice, treason, weakness and panic. The tragedy of a proud people breaking to pieces.

But there is another tragedy unfolded by Strasser in his book—the tragedy of his own people which has found its fateful climax in Hitler's assault on mankind. It begins, not with the peace of Versailles, but, as Strasser expostulates, long before the Great War, when the German youth, disillusioned by the arrogant emptiness and mendacious shallowness of the Wilhelm empire, turned their longing souls from that desolate present to a future of which they knew nothing, but only felt that it would bring something new, something better, something more valuable. The "German Youth Movement" had little or practically nothing in common with youth movements in other countries, for example, with that of the English Boy Scouts, which was "diverted into a humanist and patriotic organization by Baden-Powell — and there denaturized and tamed." Strasser himself belonged to this idealistic youth movement which from its beginning had a revolutionary character. Its prophets were not at first to be found in the camp of the Right, or even in the ranks of anti-Semitism. Among them were such pronounced extremists of the Left as the south German Jew Gustav Landauer, who in 1919 was killed by soldiers as a member of the Bavarian Soviet government in Munich.

He was one of those few who, with the premonitory force of the ancient prophets, felt—and felt deeply in his Jewish soul—the coming of the great universal tempest, and foretold it. . . . In 1914 this youth of Germany, which a year before had sworn to shape its life according to its own ideas and ideals, went to war. It was sent in Nov-

ember 1914 to Flanders against the British machine-guns. At Langemarck these young men fell in thick swathes singing "*Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles*." . . . After the war students, youth associations and ex-soldiers organizations repeatedly honoured the dead youngsters of Langemarck and portrayed them as the pioneers of a coming new Germany, of a Third Reich.

The tragedy of Germany is that she herself did not understand this youth of Langemarck. Her after-war politicians made out of "Langemarck, the sacrificial way of the German youth" the subject of passionate political discussion and strife. The Left pilloried the commemorations of Langemarck as reactionary actions. The Right, however, knew how to make use of Langemarck and thus gradually the German youth growing up in the national, social and economic misery of post-war Germany, allowed itself to be captured by the thundering phrases of the demagogue born in Austria who promised the renaissance of a greater Germany. That this youth movement came to an end in the Hitler Youth, was but a trick of destiny, says Otto Strasser.

It was a trick which turned into the tragedy not only of the German people but of the whole world. These youngsters of the Hitler Youth, the successors of the Youngsters of Langemarck, to-day are the pilots who bomb defenceless cities, murder women and children, photograph drowning sailors of ships torpedoed by themselves—the soldiers of Adolf Hitler.

Strasser relates this tragedy, not as a man who had his personal part in it, but as an impersonal historian. He speaks of himself as Otto Strasser and of his brother as Gregor Strasser. Thus he gives his book (excellently

translated by Douglas Reed) an especial importance. It becomes a real historical document which loses nothing of its value by being written in that vivid colourful language of which Otto Strasser is an acknowledged master.

ERNST KLEIN.

ENGLAND AND THE FARMER,
edited by H. J. Massingham. *Batsford*
10s. 6d.

Agriculture has become articulate. This has not been the case any time previously in history. Everyone knows that finally the plough is mightier than the sword. Yet without the pen the plough is neglected when times of crisis are over, and the ploughmen are betrayed by Elected Persons backed up by that slave of slaves called the man in the street. This won't happen again. Not because anybody anywhere is any better, but because the pen, at long last, is at the service of the plough. Thus it is not a "mere book" I am about to review, for when enough books are written upon a subject it enters public consciousness and politicians dare not go against the general trend if they wish to keep their seats—the consideration which governs governors.

I am not suggesting that this book *England and the Farmer* has literary qualities or that the 81 photographs raising the price of a 150-page book to 10s. 6d. are not for the most part sentimental and often idiotic, but because its matter is of fascinating interest throughout. This is a symposium which actually hangs together and makes a whole—the contributors being Lord Lympington on *A Policy for Agriculture*, Sir Albert Howard on *Soil Fertility*, Mr. Henry Warren on *Corn*, Mr. Adrian Bell on the

Family, Mr. Rolf Gardiner on *Rural Reconstruction*, Dr. J. L. Picton on *Diet and Farming*, and Sir George Stapledon on *The Reclamation of Grasslands*. Each writer, approaching from a specialized angle, has exceedingly interesting things to say on his own; but there is also a general agreement on three main points, namely—on the desirability of small holdings, on the danger of too much artificial manure, and on what we may call the Un-materialistic Conception of Farming.

There is a strong bid for small holdings and the case is made clear. Yet the snags are baulked by each writer. They are, as I see them, first that family farms will not absorb enough labour and the miserable millions will still remain exiled in the towns. Second, from the labourer's point of view (who never has any say

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in this sort of book), it is seldom any joke working for the small man always wanting to economize on his machines or his horses or his men, always thinking of his accounts, always worried. Third, still from the labourer's point of view, there is more companionship on the large farm, and it is the loneliness of agricultural work that causes towns. Mr. Adrian Bell notes that the labourer leaves the land because he wants to be in on things. A profound observation worthy of all the consideration it will not receive.

The agreement as to the danger of the artificial manure now so recklessly sown, is striking and important. It is a big subject but in the space allowed is handled convincingly, and, I may add, as completely supported by unlettered countrymen who have watched the effects without prejudice, as it is almost completely flouted by the average science - swallowing, microphone-conditioned modern farmer. The reckless manner in which artificials are being used may yet outbalance the gain which agriculture has received from the war.

The third point of agreement is the attitude which each of these authors holds towards the land. They see it, not as an industry, not as a business, not as a mine to be exploited, but as an organism to be treated with the care one bestows upon something alive. This conception does not lead to unbusiness-like behaviour. It leads to the opposite. It leads to that knowledge which is the fruit of reverence. It leads to precisely super-scientific comprehension of soil dangers and soil needs; it leads to a comprehension of the real meaning of mixed farming, to the necessity for colossal rotation, and

to the whole mighty problem of our present sub-health caused by the consumption of foods which even when not tinned or preserved or treated or refined or sterilized comes from a soil drenched in chemicals not prepared by nature's method. Last, for the moment least but in the end most, it leads to the understanding that a country with the bottom knocked out of its agriculture becomes uncultured, frantic, and crazy, best employed in war. Agriculture (this is Mr. Gardiner's chief point), *provides the conditions* upon which a culture can be raised, and where the sense of worship, which is the very definition of religion, may be kept alive.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS.

THE CONCISE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, by George Sampson. *Cambridge University Press*. 15s.

When in 1917 I reviewed the two last volumes of the Cambridge History of English Literature for the now defunct "Saturday"—at that time steered by the late George Dewar, with the sound of the rapids which were to engulf it as yet unheard—I little thought that twenty-four years later I should do that office for a condensed version of its fourteen stout volumes, in a single book of over a thousand closely printed pages. "Pro-dig-i-ous," to quote an earlier Sampson! However, "condensed" is hardly the right term, for the author has very properly modified or added to his material as he thought fit, and has wound up with a chapter all his own on late—and post—Victorian literature. The resultant epitome should prove a treasure to those who do not possess the original volumes, and a mine of reference for students;

While contemplative readers will devote to it leisure hours and hours filched from slumber. These can be promised learning without pedantry and intellectual pleasure without satiety. "We have conquered space," writes Mr. Sampson, "and lost spaciousness." The study of our literature's history may help us to regain it. *Contemplator* *em*, as Lucretius was fond of saying.

Diving at a venture, let us see what we can bring up from the depths. "We have as much information about Shakespeare as we have about most artists of any early period. He is not a special case of mystery."—"Impudence of assertion and affectation of singularity and in the oceanic magnitude of Milton an opportunity for exhibitionism." In the disquisition on Dickens we recognize (with due affection) the rugged, robustious, good-humoured periods of Professor Saintsbury.

One of the attractions of this book is that it deals with the little fishes of letters as well as with the great whales. Here, for instance, is Fulke Greville who tells us that he writes "for those only that are weather-beaten in the sea of this world." Was it this that endeared him to Charles Lamb? Here is Joseph Glanvil, author of *The Vanity of Dogmatizing*, who in a sense originated *The Scholar Gipsy*. And here, again, is that questionable Quaker, Charles Lloyd, who for a time 'domesticated' with the Coleridges at Nether Stowey, and managed to make mischief between his host and Lamb. Lloyd's poetry, as exemplified in *Address to a Virginian Creeper*—in the metre of *Don Juan* and sixty-five *tanzas*—may safely be recommended, *experto crede*, as a soporific.

To readers of Mr. Sampson's final chapter there is no risk of any such

tendency, the names and controversies among which he moves with fearlessness, pungency, and unflinching footsteps are too near to us for that. He deals faithfully with some over-rated figures. Lytton Strachey, whose calumny of Gordon cannot be forgiven or forgotten, set a fashion that suited an age of disillusion. His *Eminent Victorians* must be regarded as "the representative utterance of a period in which alone they could have been hailed as a revelation." The "new" poetry is an even more contentious topic. Gerard Hopkins has been acclaimed its prophet, and Mr. T. S. Eliot its hierophant. But what, of the little verse that Hopkins left, is memorable? How has poetry benefited by his disquisitions on "sprung rhythm" and "slack" syllables? As for Mr. Eliot and his profoundly depressing lucubrations, "his poetical work is incommensurate with the large claims made for it. His range is narrow and his effects are repeated: the juxtaposition of ridiculous and sublime is a constant resource." Mr. Eliot has had a large and vocal body of disciples, but has made no impression—nor has the "new" poetry in general—on "the great variety of readers."

"We must not mistake," he tells us, "the feroid claims of coteries for the calm voice of general judgment. Poets ought not to segregate into sects; they should diffuse themselves as individuals." He has a valuable reminder, too, for those who are disposed to flout tradition. "Tradition is the voice of all ages, and of no period. And so it is not an impediment but an enablement. Fortified by it and by great example, the adventurer can set out intrepidly towards unknown shores."

H. C. MINCHIN.

HISTORY UNDER FIRE, by Cecil Beaton and James Pope-Hennessy. *Batsford. 8s. 6d.*

One of the minor changes produced by the war has been to create in the average Londoner an awareness that the city in which he earns his daily bread is something more than a tyrant which he must serve faithfully from nine till five before fleeing with relief to his home in the suburbs. An ugly gap in the curve of a stately crescent, a pile of rubble in place of a church whose exterior at least he knew, the damage to the Temple or to St. Paul's—all play their part in stirring the feeling, perhaps but dimly comprehended, that something has been lost that can never be replaced—something that leaves a lasting wound in the living heart of London.

Among the few books already here on air raid damage and the spate that will assuredly follow, this one will occupy a unique niche. This is chiefly due to the outstanding quality of Mr. Cecil Beaton's photographs which portray vividly from poignant angles the destruction wrought. The very readable commentary of Mr. James Pope-Hennessy emphasizes the craftsmanship and tradition woven into these ruins. This irreparable loss would be tragic enough if the whole story were now told but the melancholy thought remains that London may have to sacrifice yet more beauty before the end of the struggle.

The commentary outlines in ordered sequence a brief survey of the city from medieval to Victorian times, with special reference to the historical buildings which have suffered. To my mind, and no doubt Mr. Pope-Hennessy

would agree with me, two factors stand out as contributory causes of the destruction. First, the river Thames highway of the Middle Ages, on which ninety per cent. of the traffic was born, made wide streets a useless luxury. While river craft no doubt added to the festivity and colour of those days in these times of "civilized" warfare narrow streets are a silent invitation to destruction to do its worst. The other point concerns the confining influence of the City Wall, that massive circle which protected the city and against which it tried in vain for many years to expand. Witness the position of many of Wren's churches—the genius of an architect who could produce such subtle variety in so little space—and marvel that in such conditions of overcrowding the damage has not been greater. In point of fact less than a quarter of his churches have been destroyed.

With commendable honesty Mr. Pope-Hennessy says:

We should admit that certain English buildings by their proximity to military objectives must inevitably be destroyed. The London Docks, like those of Hamburg, are legitimate objectives. On the other hand, I feel we are safe in assuming that the destruction of All Hallows, Barking, of Hogarth's villa, of several rooms in Kensington Palace, of Wren's St Lawrence Jewry, does not inspire the Nazis with remorse.

Rays of sunshine pierce the gloom however. If I stand in Newgate Street I see St. Paul's as Wren meant me to see it, uncrowded by palaces of commerce. A year ago only the dome would have been visible from the same spot. From Ludgate Hill I am now able to appreciate the delicious impudence of the spire of St. Martin,

udgate, seen for the first time for generations against the dignity of the east front of the Cathedral. The ghost of Wren's spires, St. Bride's, Fleet Street, has survived the gutting of the church, while the even lovelier tower of St. Dunstan's in the East still looks over the Pool of London.

The photographs in this volume cannot fail to evoke the sense of opportunity that will be ours when the time of rebuilding is at hand. As we cannot bring back the churches nor recreate history we must offer posterity a city much more worthy of London's past. What shall we make of this responsibility?

On the library shelves of London *vers History Under Fire* will have an honoured place. Messrs. Batsford have taught us to expect from them books of exceptional quality and interest. This one fulfils even their high standard.

HERBERT BANYARD.

IN THE MILL, by John Masefield.
Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

SEAFISHERMEN AT WAR, by Leo Walmsley. *Collins. 10s. 6d.*

BETWEEN THE ACTS, by Virginia Woolf. *Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.*

In the Mill is called a chapter of autobiography: from which I draw the conclusion that we are to have, in time, more of the Poet Laureate's life story than is contained in these 160 pages of his early life in New York. He deals here with his eighteenth and nineteenth years. He had already spent a two-year apprenticeship on the *Conway* and he "longed to be quit of the sea, so that he might study other things." Exactly why he exchanged ships and "a passion

for ships and all to do with them" for a job in a carpet factory in New York is not very clear. In those days New York must have been an even more astonishing city than it is to-day.

Upper New York was still uncleared and unbuilt and in 155th Street we passed into the woodland, which was much as it had been when the Red Indians had it.

On South Street there was the best display of ships in the world, though "my favourite part was West Street... In West Street... the ships came right up to the Street, so that in places you could walk under jibbooms and figure-heads and trip over hawsers." On Sundays Masefield "could walk almost at once into primitive woodland on leaving my lodgings." He was, however, "very unhappy, from youth, exile, home-sickness, the worry over a friend." He was also "unspeakably radiantly and beamingly happy." For though the life in the Mill is described with a calm and steady effort of memory, it is, as Masefield points out, the life outside the Mill that matters. This life is the picture of a boy discovering himself; of how he bought books at a store in Sixth Avenue, mostly five-cent novels, but soon the poets, then Sterne, Darwin, Hermann, Melville, De Quincey; of how he began a novel and struggled into verse. It is the picture of the formative struggle of a moderate poet, an admirable prose-writer, a great man. It is a very good picture and I hope only a small part of the whole that is yet to come.

Though Mr. Walmsley is the author of a number of novels, two of them excellent, about North-East coast fishermen, there is evidence with every new book that he is a recorder and not a

creator of character. His *Fishermen At War* is an admirable record. Where it is most vivid, convincing and compelling, it is for the simple reason that the material in it is hard fact, ready for Mr. Walmsley to record. In his several books there are no new characters. The Lunn, the Fosdycks and the stout and sturdy Yorkshire fisher-families are here again, and Mr. Walmsley records their exploits as coastal fishermen, under fire of U-Boats and Nazi bombers, unconvoyed and often unarmed, in the earlier days of the war. Together with this record he states his personal attitude to the war before the war, giving the impression of a man exuberantly and a little naïvely preoccupied with his own life, so that "I didn't believe there'd be another great war." For this reason perhaps the book has sometimes the aggrieved, embittered and bewildered air of being written by a man who has just woken up, and its commentary on events is everywhere less satisfactory than the record of events themselves. Of that record the story of the life-boat rescue in chapter eleven is a masterpiece so good that I hope Mr. Walmsley will consider giving us what I believe no writer of consequence has yet done. The existing material for an epic of the life-boat must be inexhaustible. Mr. Walmsley, who cannot create but who has a genius for the narration of fact, could give us that story in a book beside which *Fishermen At War*, excellent though it is, would be a dinghy.

Miss Woolf's final work is a remarkable book, remarkable because, if the out-moded Vanessa Bell wrapper is removed, together with the name of

the author, there remains little evidence to say who wrote this scrappy and fluttering episode of a country pageant play. Who, for example, would be prepared to guarantee the authorship of this :

Pointz Hall was seen in the light of an early summer morning to be a middle-sized house. It did not rank among the houses that are mentioned in guide-books. It was too homely. But this whitish house with the grey roof, and the wing thrown out at right angles, lying unfortunately low in the meadow with a fringe of trees on the bank above it, so that smoke rushed up to the nests of the rooks, was a desirable house to live in.

One had always looked on the best of Virginia Woolf's prose as damask-winged. In this passage the impression created is exactly that of a butterfly whose colours and dusty bloom have been rubbed away. Why "in the light of an early summer morning"? when presumably it was a house that did not change its size according to the day? Why "it did not rank"? when "it was not" would have been both sufficient and efficient? Why "unfortunately"? One feels that such shoddiness was not in the earlier writer, that perhaps the distraction of external events, which she felt painfully, and the oppression of personal misgiving, which evidently led to her death, combined to impose it on the later. For these reasons *Between the Acts* is not typical; regretfully one cannot call it good. The bloom is rubbed away, and one is left with the melancholy impression that she herself, perhaps, may have known and felt it only too well.

H. E. BATES.